About Antiques

Ella Shannon Bowles

ABOUT ANTIQUES

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ROOM FROM WEST BOXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, *c.* 1725

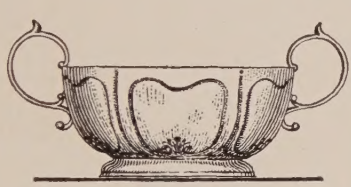
By Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

ABOUT ANTIQUES

BY

ELLA SHANNON BOWLES

WITH 75 ILLUSTRATIONS



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
MCMXXIX

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ELLA SHANNON BOWLES

PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

FIRST EDITION

TO THE MEMORIES OF
MY GRANDMOTHERS
LAVINA DREW BERRY
AND
JUDITH WEBSTER SHANNON

FOREWORD

"But it was the invariable custom, no matter what the wealth of the farmer, to carry a supply of food for the journey," writes Alice Morse Earle in "Customs and Fashions in Old New England." "This kind of itinerant picnic was called 'tuck-a-nuck', a word of Indian origin, or 'mitchin', while the box or hamper or bucket that held the provisions was called a 'mitchin-box'. I can fancy that no thrifty or loving housewife allowed the man of her household to go to market with too meanly filled a mitchin-box; but took an honest pride in sending him off with a full stock of rich doughnuts, well-baked bread, well-filled pies, and at least well-cooked porridge, which he could devour without shame before the eyes of his neighbors."

Like the New England housewife of old, I have tried to fill my "mitchin-box" with stories of the past which can be "devoured" without shame before the eyes of my neighbors.

This little book makes no claim to being a complete book on the subject of early Americana for collectors and antiquarians. It is simply a record of impressions gathered in a childhood spent largely with two New England grandmothers and a life lived among the traditions of early New Hampshire days.

Yet I hope that my "mitchin-box" will arouse in its readers a little interest in the days of the past, and will, perhaps, stimulate them to further study and investigation along the lines of household customs and furnishings, crafts, and social conditions of our forefathers. For this reason I have added to the book a list

of publications which I think will prove an incentive to further study.

I wish to express my appreciation to the editors of *The House Beautiful, The Antiquarian, The Dearborn Independent, The Forecast, The American Collector, The Christian Science Monitor, The Newark Evening News, The Classmate, Lutheran Young Folks,* and *The Progressive Teacher* for allowing me to republish articles and pictures which have appeared in their periodicals.

I also thank Charles Scribner's Sons for granting me permission to use the poem, "Ancestral Dwellings," by Henry Van Dyke, The Oxford University Press for the use of the poem, "To A Venetian Wine Glass," by Lloyd Mifflin, *The New York Evening Sun* for the use of the verses, "Love On An Old Willow Plate," and *The Christian Science Monitor* and Mrs. Ida Crocker Duncan for the use of the poem, "Tapestries."

To compile a book of this type, many sources must be consulted, and I am indebted greatly to Mr. Homer Keyes of *Antiques,* Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Arthur Bollinger of *The Antiquarian,* New York City, and Mr. Henry Belknap of The Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts, for personal assistance and help in securing photographs. I thank Mrs. Annie Haight Kerfoot for permission to quote from "American Pewter" by J. B. Kerfoot and the publishers of the following books for allowing me to use extracts from them: "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" by Alice Morse Earle (Charles Scribner's Sons), "Old Glass, European and American" (1924) by N. Hudson Moore (Frederick A. Stokes), "Chats on Wedgwood" by Harry Barnard (Frederick A. Stokes), "A New England Girlhood" by Lucy Larcom (Houghton

Mifflin Company), "The American Renaissance" by Theodore M. Dillaway (Brown-Robertson Company), "Pottery and Porcelain" by William C. Prime (Harper and Brothers), "Life On A Mediaeval Barony" by William Stearns Davis (Harper and Brothers), "American Literature" by Katharine Lee Bates (The Macmillan Company), "Collector's Luck" by Alice Van Leer Carrick (Little, Brown and Company), "Child Life in Colonial Days" by Alice Morse Earle (The Macmillan Company), and "The Practical Book of Learning Decoration and Furniture" by Edward Stratton Holloway (J. B. Lippincott Company).

My sincere thanks are due Mrs. Edith Miniter, Miss Julia D. S. Snow, Miss Edith Freeman of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Miss Esther Johansen, Mrs. Elizabeth Pierce and Miss Helen Berry who have aided me in various ways. I especially wish to take this opportunity to honor the memory of the late Wilbur F. Parker who gave me most of the material in "The Passing of the Country Store."

Through the generous coöperation of Yale University and P. W. French and Company of New York City I am allowed to include the photographs of the Yale Tapestries. Mr. Fred J. Peters of New York City courteously gives me permission to use photographs from his large collection. The other photographs are from The Essex Institute, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and The Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

JULY 1, 1929 E. S. B.

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Chapter I

BACKGROUNDS AND TRADITIONS

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Dear to my heart are the ancestral dwellings of America,
Dearer than if they were haunted by ghosts of royal splendour;
They are simple enough to be great in their friendly dignity,—
Homes that were built by the brave beginners of a nation.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England valleys,
Ample and long and low, with elm-trees feathering over them:
Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs, and old-fashioned roses,
A fan-light above the door, and little square panes in the windows,
The wood-shed piled with maple and birch and hickory ready for winter,
The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with household relics,—
All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.

I love the weather-beaten shingled houses that front the ocean:
They seem to grow out of the rocks, there is something indomitable about them:
Their backs are bowed, and their sides are covered with lichens;
Soft in their colour as grey pearls, they are full of a patient courage.
Facing the briny wind on a lonely shore they stand undaunted,
While the thin blue pennant of smoke from the square-built chimney
Tells of a haven for man, with room for a hearth and cradle.

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white columns,
They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the cotton is growing;
I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady porches,
Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full of hounds and horses.
Long since the riders have ridden away, yet the houses have not forgotten,
They are proud of their name and place, and their doors are always open,
For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient hospitality.

In the towns I love the discreet and tranquil Quaker dwellings,
With their demure brick faces and immaculate marble door-steps;
And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their high stoops and iron railings,
(I can see their little brass knobs shining in the morning sunlight);
And the solid self-contained houses of the descendants of the Puritans,
Frowning on the street with their narrow doors and dormer-windows;
And the triple-galleried, many-pillared mansions of Charleston,
Standing open sideways in their gardens of roses and magnolias.
Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes they are beautiful;
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that have made the nation;
The glory and strength of America come from her ancestral dwellings.

BACKGROUNDS AND TRADITIONS

From age to age man's still aspiring spirit
Finds wider scope and sees with clearer eyes,
And thou in larger measure doth inherit
What made thy great forerunners free and wise.
James Russell Lowell.

All thinking Americans who have had a number of preceding generations on American soil are now beginning to ask themselves a few pertinent questions. What was the daily life of our ancestors like? What did they think and why? What effect have their ways of living and their thoughts had upon us? If you have been following the literature produced by our younger novelists, I think that you will find among some of them a tendency to piece out the picture of America's past by showing us the social conditions under which people lived. They have described the household outfittings, the arts and crafts, the costumes, and the trivial details in the lives of our forebears because they are so closely interwoven with their thoughts and aspirations. I mention one book as an example, the novel, "Drums," by James Boyd, for it carefully interprets just what the War of the Revolution meant to the average young man of that period.

We can study the home life and the arts and crafts of our American ancestors in a number of ways. One is by visiting the various museums where the prized relics of their everyday life are assembled. To the American Wing of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City come both the serious student and the casual visitor, interested in seeing an authentic picture of the home life of the past.

Many are the specialized books on different aspects of early Americana, and the amateur may find difficulty in selecting what he will read first. A logical plan is to start with something that particularly interests him, as old glass, clocks, hooked rugs, wall papers, lamps, costumes or furniture. One thing will lead to another, and he will find himself following the subject of "antiques" in its various phases.

If he wishes fully to understand the backgrounds of the past, the amateur antiquarian should investigate the journal of the man or woman who really lived in pioneer days. The families, the fevers, the heartaches, and the bravery in facing the wilderness and the Indians are better realized when he reads the "History of Plymouth Plantation" by William Bradford. No other chronicle presents such an interesting account of early colonial life as Judge Samuel Sewell's "Diary," while the "Diary of Sally Wister" and "A New England Girlhood" by Lucy Larcom picture the thoughts and the ways of living of girls of two different periods, sections of the country, and social classes.

In looking over old records we find that writers of the middle of the eighteenth century were constantly preaching economy and the protection of native industries. One of them said,

"When you incline to have new clothes, look well over the old ones, and see if you cannot shift with them another year, either by scouring, mending, or even patching, if necessary. Remember, a patch on your coat, and money in your pocket, are better and more creditable, than a writ on your back, and no money to take it off. And when you must buy clothes, let them, I beseech you, be of the produce of your own country; they will keep you as warm, and perhaps last as long,

as the best piece of cloth manufactured in Great Britain."

"Every man can remember back one hundred years," an elderly man once told me.

When I evinced surprise at this statement, he smiled and explained.

A MIDDLE-PERIOD INTERIOR AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS. *c.* 1730
By Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

"He remembers the incidents of his own life, and what his father and grandfather have told him, and often knows what his great-grandfather has related to them."

The stories told by old people have great value to the antiquarian. In "The Grandmothers," the Harper Prize Winning Novel for 1927, Glenway Wescott has brought out an important fact in this connection.

He says, "For the memory of another is like a ship

which one sees coming down a bay—the hull and sails separating from the distance and from the outlying islands and capes—charged with freight and cutting open the waves, addressing itself in increasingly clear outlines to the impatient eyes of the waterfront; which, before it reaches the shore, grows ghostly and sinks in the sea; and one has to wait for the tides to cast on the beach, fragment by fragment, the awaited cargo."

But patient waiting for this cargo will reveal valuable information of the past. The Folklore Committee of the New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs recognizes the worth of such material and is busily promoting a project whereby local club committees are gathering stories from elderly people and are preserving them in writing. It is urging club women to mark their heirlooms of furniture, mirrors, glass, silhouettes, samplers, rugs, and other treasures with descriptive papers pasted or sewn on them in inconspicuous places.

Before we can fully understand old-time traditions we must know something of the types of people who settled along the Atlantic seaboard.

"But these forsooke a fruitful Land, stately Buildings, goodly Orchards, yea, deare Friends and neere Relations to goe to a desart Wildernesse," Captain Edward Johnson quaintly proclaims.

Later, in 1788, an unknown writer under the name of Philanthropos laments the change of customs and desires of the people of his times from those of these first settlers.

"In the early settlements of the British colonies, most of the inhabitants were farmers," he says. "Their circumstances led them to be temperate and industrious —friendly toward each other, and honest in common

NORTHWEST VIEW OF THE McINTIRE BEDROOM FROM SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS
By Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

THE McINTIRE DINING-ROOM (1800–1801) FROM SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.
By Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

dealings. Their wants were consequently few; their pride was limited to a narrow sphere; and they had little occasion of expense. They were contented in a plain house with small windows; a bought coat was handed down from father to son; and the sweet belle of the parish stole the hearts of her neighbors, under the admirable dress of a grogram gown and a string of wax beads. The good clergymen led their flocks without much expense. If the common people could read the Bible and Bunyan's holy wars, they were sufficient adepts in divinity; and their principal need of arithmetic was to chalk, on the staircase or mantle-tree, a day's labour or a pound of pork.—The condition of the American states at this day affords a very different

description. Every circumstance is wonderfully altered. The scene of ambition is opened—genius is on the wing—and thousands of the independent Americans are remarkably anxious to vie with the gentry of Europe in the pleasures of government, equipage, and parade. The little village—the cheap coat—offices of captain and justice—rough wagon—pacing horse and breasted saddle and pillion—no longer content them.—Every state must have a bishop—every town a lawyer—and every parish two or three great surgeons and doctors. —A dull Dutchman rides in his phaeton—the judge's daughters wing in a coach—and even poor cousin Jenny, wife of an attorney, not worth two and six pence, sticks up her nose at black tea and brown sugar."

Human nature is the same all the world over, is it not?

"The northern colonists represented in general the middle class of English society, the trades-people rather than the gentle-folk," Katharine Lee Bates tells us. "Their memories were not of Tudor mansions embowered in park and beech groves, but of market-place, mill, smithy, and all the busy life of a Lancashire or Yorkshire town." *

Again she speaks of the life of the fifty New England villages "dotting the wilderness like candles in the dark."

"Rude enough at first sight were those primitive towns—clusters of log-cabins and frame buildings of the plainest sort gathered about the square, belfry-topped meeting-house. But the interior of these simple abodes testified to decent, provident goodmen and dames, who had shipped, from their well-to-do homes across the sea, store of linens and woolens, oaken chests, cun-

* "American Literature" by Katharine Lee Bates, p. 3.

ningly 'wrought' and panelled, brass candlesticks, claw-footed tables, spinning-wheels, and even, now and then, the new luxury of a chair, massive, polished, richly carven, with queer triangular seat—solid, self-respecting furniture that outwears the century."*

There was a lack of skilled craftsmen among these pioneers, but, by necessity, they began to make in native woods the furniture they needed, copying their designs

OAK WAINSCOT CHAIR, *c.* 1650
Metropolitan Museum of Art

from the ponderous oaken pieces of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

Although many from the working-class settled in the southern states, a large proportion of the population was there composed of members of the English noble class who clung to their traditions and ways of living. Thus developed a country gentry, living upon large estates or plantations, who led a life of luxury and carried on an import trade with the mother country.

* "American Literature" by Katharine Lee Bates, p. 19.

Lucy Lockwood Hazard tells us that the restoration of the Stuarts in Old England was reflected in a Cavalier aristocracy across the sea. "Land grants multiplied in size until it is said that the average well-to-do Virginian at the opening of the eighteenth century owned as much as three thousand acres. Slavery spread in direct ratio to the extension of land grants; the type

"THE SEASONS" WALL-PAPER ROOM. PAPER FROM HANOVER, N. H., about 1803
By Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

of society was determined by the feudal character of the large slaveholding estate." *

Here, along the river banks of Virginia and the Carolinas, developed the earliest attempts at formal architecture, and here, in the spacious rooms of the dwellings were placed the pieces of choice furniture, designed by master craftsmen, and imported from France and England.

* "The Frontier in American Literature" by Lucy Lockwood Hazard, p. 55.

The Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam and the German settlers of certain parts of Pennsylvania also brought their methods of living and their knowledge of arts and crafts to the localities where they settled. Some of the early houses built in northern New Jersey show what can be accomplished when the artisan makes use of the materials at hand. Local red sandstone, in both the rough and surfaced states, was employed in constructing buildings, following the general structural forms of the early Dutch settlers.

For convenience in classifying early Americana, it is customary to divide the time covered into periods. Roughly speaking, we call the years between the settlement of Jamestown and the year 1727 the *Early Period*, the years covering the reigns of the three Georges in England the *Middle Period*, and the time between 1776 and 1814 the *Late Period*. It must be remembered, however, that this definition is extremely elastic, and that one period frequently overlaps another. The first part of the Early Period was influenced by the traditions of Jacobean England, while the latter part was dominated by "Queen Anne" characteristics. The Middle Period was known in England as the Georgian Period, while the last years of the Late Period are often called the Empire Period.

During the first part of the eighteenth century a new influence was felt in Europe and England which, in turn, left its mark upon American decoration and furnishings. New trade routes were opened up with the East, and the rich embroideries and fabrics, the rare porcelains, the priceless lacquers, and the painted papers of the Orient were introduced into the western world.

This century brought increasing wealth to the colonies and more luxuries from Europe and England

came across the sea. English craftsmen, too, saw a new opening for them and came to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, bringing the traditions of the great artisans of the times.

The War of the Revolution stopped the activities of American craftsmen for some years, but the years following found the republic fully alive to her new national and civic consciousness which made its imprint upon decoration and architecture. Of this I shall speak later.

The handmade object, distinguished by its sincerity in craftsmanship, began to be superseded by the machine-turned object at the end of the first fourth of the nineteenth century. With it passed the beauty and simplicity of early American art.

"Was it, *could* it be, the blight of Napoleon's Empire that ruined the art of America as of all Europe?" asks Edward Stratton Holloway. "Or was it the introduction of machinery? Or was it failure of the sense of beauty in the eye of man? This I do not know. Certain it is that in man's soul it did not fade, for the other arts persisted still; but the flame of inspiration that for four hundred years had produced beauty in the household died, never since to be relighted." *

* "The Practical Book of Learning Decoration and Furniture" by Edward Stratton Holloway, p. 144.

Chapter II

HAIL AMERICA! IN OUR ARTS AND CRAFTS

OUR COUNTRY

From Town's Fourth Reader—1847

"Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heaven behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birth-land of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!"

HAIL, AMERICA! IN OUR ARTS AND CRAFTS

Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle.

Harrison.

National pride and civic consciousness were born in America during the War of the Revolution. Throughout the years which followed, ship-building flourished, manufacturing began, and commercial life was strengthened. In all localities, citizens of the young nation began to take pride in their public buildings, not only in the spired white meeting-houses on the hills, but in school-houses, town halls and colleges.

It was not in literature alone that the trend of the period was felt. It appeared in architecture, in household furnishings, and in arts and crafts.

Samplers, fashioned by the girls of the time, expressed the theme of civic events. Have you seen American samplers upon which weeping-willows mournfully trail? They were embroidered during the war as a tribute to the lost soldiers. With the full awakening of young America to her glory as a new-born nation came the representation of public buildings, cross-stitched upon bolting-cloth and linen. Tell me, if you can, what ambitious girl could resist trying to embroider the beloved meeting-house of New England! You have seen its outlines, worked by childish fingers, upon American samplers of the early nineteenth century. As for the family history—oftentimes the record of names stitched in faded silks is more authentic than the lists of births, deaths, and marriages in the big Bible!

GENEALOGICAL SAMPLER OF THE PORTER FAMILY
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

With the death of Washington numerous samplers appeared, decorated with verses commemorating the passing of the national hero. One of them is this,

"Mourn, Helpless Brethren, Deeply Mourn,
The Source of Every Joy is Fled,
Our Father Dear, the Friend of Man,
The Godlike Washington is dead."

Frequently we find a design on a woven coverlet, a hooked rug or a quilt which shows the desire of express-

ing patriotism. At a women's club exhibit, held in a little New Hampshire town, five miles from a railway, I saw a printed bed-cover adorned with a spreading eagle. Alice Van Leer Carrick tells of an interesting woven coverlet.

"The weaving is a marvel; the color that beautiful subtle blue which has the depths of the ocean in it," she says. "The central design is like English tapestry, while the border resembles the coverlet known as 'The Declaration of Independence.' There is more printing than one usually sees on such pieces; Washington in each corner with the patriotic motto, and the repeated invincible slogan, 'Under this we prosper.'"*

Isn't it a lovely description?

I can't tell why, but it makes me think of Martha Washington. Possibly because she took a personal interest in the weaving for her huge household. But though "the amiable lady of our beloved president" was so domestic in her tastes, she surely must have enjoyed the truly regal receptions she received when she traveled abroad. On one trip to New York "she was met at Hammond's ferry by several of our citizens," a Baltimore record tells us, "and received such other demonstrations of affection and respect as her short stay admitted. Fireworks were discharged before and after supper, and she was serenaded by an excellent band of music, conducted by gentlemen of the town. We shall only add, that, like her illustrious husband, she was clothed in the manufacture of our country, in which her native goodness and patriotism appeared to the greatest advantage."

Stars, shields, and eagles are sometimes found upon hooked rugs made during these years, but the designs

* "Collector's Luck" by Alice Van Leer Carrick, p. 58.

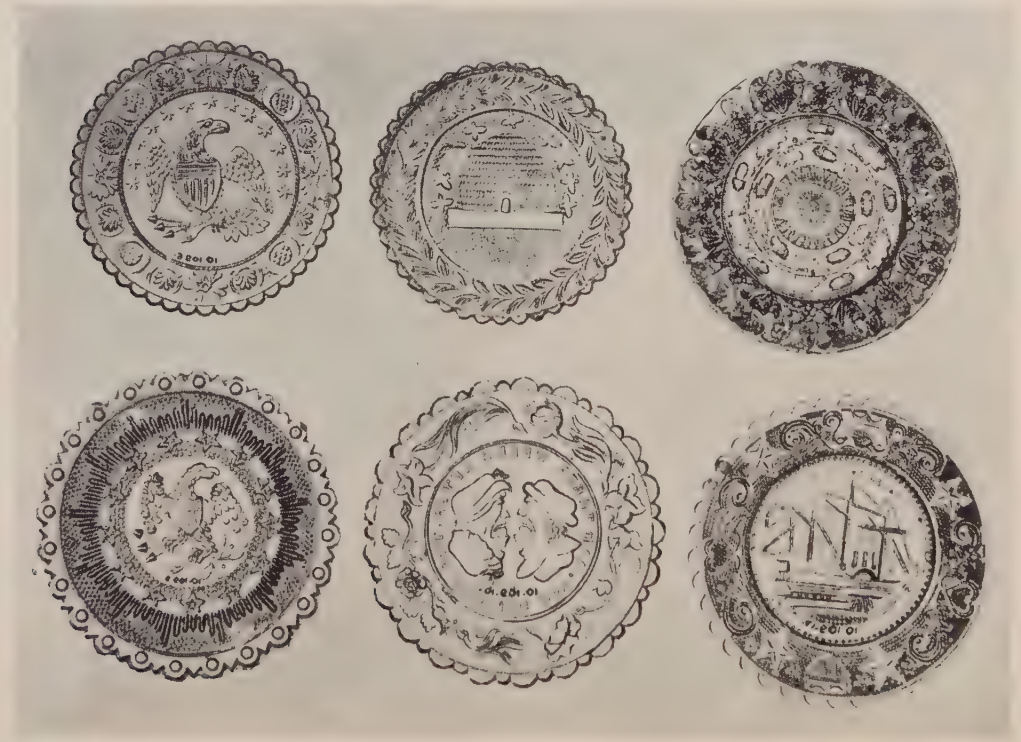
on certain quilts more readily express the pride in political and national feeling than almost any other form of handicraft.

Someone has said, "Quilts are like the voices of the past," and so they are—speaking of the days of the stirring forties, of the Civil War, and of territorial expansion. Just a glance at the names of some of the quilts will show the trend of historical events. Roll them over on your tongue—Log Cabin, Statehouse Steps, Whig Rose, Radical Rose (dating from the Civil War) and the later Cleveland Lily. The Whig Rose and the Democrat Rose commemorate the Harrison-Tyler campaign, when the Democrats won for the first time in forty years. The Confederate Rose and the Rose of Dixie tell of the days when the faces of the North and the South were turned away from each other, and brother fought against brother.

And now I suggest that you find Eliza Calvert Hall's fascinating book, "Handwoven Coverlets," * and glance at the extensive list of historical patterns found in this form of bed-coverings. You will discover names of historical interest. Here is Lady Washington's Delight, Braddock's Defeat, Washington's Victory, The Forty-niners, and The Soldier's Return. If you are one of the fortunate workers who is expert with the loom, why not unearth an old draft and copy one of these ancient bed-covers?

In another chapter I shall speak of the historical designs used on some of the pressed glass pieces made by the Sandwich and New England Glass Companies. A complete collection of historical cup-plates is a record of the days when

* "The Book of Handwoven Coverlets" by Eliza Calvert Hall. See "Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them" by Ruth E. Finley.



CUP-PLATES WITH SUBJECTS RELATING TO THE YOUNG REPUBLIC
By Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

"The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run,
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain."

The tiny plates bear witness to the struggle of raising money for the building of Bunker Hill Monument, to Lafayette's triumphal tour through America, and to the memorable Whig campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too." Pictures of the Chancellor Livingstone, The Benjamin Franklin, The Cadmus, The Frigate Constitution, and the Fulton Steamboat appear on them, while the portraits of Henry Clay, General Washington, and General Harrison adorn others. There are a number of Log Cabin cup-plates. One of the rarest is the Log Cabin with Cider Barrel and Outer Chimney, reminding the collector of the days described by Katharine Lee Bates, when "Log Cabins on wheels were drawn in the shouting processions, coonskins were waved for banners, the drinking of hard cider became a political virtue." *

The eagle was a common figure in cup-plate designs. Sometimes the bird appeared alone. It was combined with the thirteen stars and wore a shield upon its breast, but the proud Fort Pitt Eagle boasted of twenty-four stars. There are four variants of the Bunker Hill design, one of them bearing a printed border, "Bunker Hill Fought June 17th, 1775," while another refers to the laying of the cornerstone by Lafayette and adds, "Finished by the Ladies."

As for pressed glass salt-cellars—you are indeed fortunate if you have inherited a matched pair adorned with Freedom's "Eagle-bearer"!

It may seem an abrupt change from pressed glass to

* "American Literature" by Katharine Lee Bates, p. 107.

wall-papers, but they are alike in one respect—specimens of both carry designs of historical and political interest. The wall-papers first used by the American colonists were imported from Europe, and it was not until about the middle of the eighteenth century that their manufacture began in this country. Even then imported papers were far superior to the native products. Designs were drawn by artists and beautifully tinted by hand. Instead of being made in long rolls, wall papers were manufactured in blocks and when panoramic scenic paper became fashionable, a large number of blocks was required to cover one room.

The manufacturers of France, England, and Holland awakened to the commercial opportunities of America's pride in her scenery and civic consciousness, and began to bring out some purely American patterns. One of the best known was a pictorial paper called "Scenic America." It consisted of a set made in thirty-two strips and represented views of the wonders of America, including Boston Bay and the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

The glassmakers of Bristol, England, were interested also in the exuberance of civic feeling of the country across the sea. Unfortunately, only a few products made by them for this trade are now in existence. In describing a glass mug, owned by the New York Historical Society, Mr. Homer Keyes, the editor of *Antiques*, tells of the design of a strutting eagle surrounded by wreath and stars.

"In this the word 'Liberty' appears above the head of the eagle. The presence of fourteen stars outside the wreath has led to the assumption that the piece was produced not far from the time of Vermont's admission to the Union, namely, in 1791," he says.

Old glass bottles and flasks, made in America, are

rich in historical designs. It was late in the eighteenth century that pocket flasks of pressed glass came into style. They bore quotations, slogans, portraits, and scenery. They are found in many colors—brown, olive, dark red, light green, dark green, blue, and white. As ever, the American eagle decorates a great number of them; nineteen different designs, bearing the head of

GLASS MUG OF UNCERTAIN ORIGIN
Owned by Lyman W. Armes, Boston
By Courtesy of *Antiques*

OLD GLASS FLASKS OF HISTORICAL DESIGN
Metropolitan Museum of Art

Washington, are listed in one period; a number of others show the head of General Taylor. In the "good old days" the flask you carried showed where you stood politically. One particularly desired specimen is the Jackson Bottle. A type of this design, owned by a member of my family, shows the head of the hero of New Orleans on one side and that of General Washington on the other. The Jenny Lind Bottle pictures the days when the sweet voice of the "Swedish Nightingale" thrilled the souls of song-loving America.

Between 1840 and 1860 pictorial bottles were made in vast quantities by every glass factory in the land. The horn of plenty, suggestive of the richness of the new country, Masonic emblems, stars, ships, flags, and farm scenes were among the designs. The completion of the fourteen-mile Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was celebrated by the appearance of a bottle bearing the picture of a horse pulling a cart on rails, and the slogan, "Success to the Railroad." When I see a bottle manufactured during this opulent period, it reminds me of these verses,

"'Tis fit the forest fall,
The steep be graded,
The mountain tunneled,
The sand shaded,
The orchard planted,
The globe tilled,
The prairie granted,
The steamer built."

Fabrics, too, were affected by the awakening of this civic pride. During the reign of Louis XVI of France, Oberkampf, a Bavarian, established a factory for manufacturing pictorial fabrics in Jouy, a suburb of Paris.

The printed cottons and linens which were usually stamped in one color on white or cream-colored backgrounds were given the name of *Toile de Jouy*. When trade with the Orient began to gain the attention of European merchants of the seventeenth century, gay chintzes or *chints* were imported and were received with

A PAIR OF EAGLE CANDLESTICKS
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

enthusiasm by the fashionable world of France and England. *Toile de Jouy*, however, was a domestic product, and Oberkampf followed the demands of the times and developed patterns showing pastoral scenes and mythological designs. The sympathies of France were with the American colonies when they struggled against Britain. The manufacturer of *Toile de Jouy* absorbed the general feeling, and began to produce allegorical subjects connected with America's victory. The fabrics were used both in France and in America.

As for bandboxes designed to hold the calashes and poke-bonnets of fashionable belles—they were glori-

AN EARLY WASHINGTON CHINTZ IN GREEN
From the King Hooper Shop, Boston
By Courtesy of *The Antiquarian*

ously decorated with stirring national scenes. Constructed from cardboard, and covered with exquisite hand-blocked papers, they were dainty enough for the use of fairy princesses. Public buildings were shown on some, and one especially intriguing bonnet-box was covered with paper picturing a canal boat, drawn by a mule. Military scenes were common, and from one bandbox Zachary Taylor on horseback surveyed the world!

No craftsmen of the period profited more from the patriotic ideas of America than did the potters of Staffordshire, England. Between the years 1812 and 1828 they turned out vast quantities of wares for a distinctly American trade. The dishes were thick and strong and of a common quality of earthenware, but the coloring

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY STAFFORDSHIRE PLATES
Park Theatre, New York, by Stevenson & Williams
City of Albany, N. Y., by E. Woods & Sons
La Grange, the Home of Lafayette, by E. Woods & Sons
Baltimore & Ohio R. R., by E. Woods & Sons
The Capitol at Washington, by Stevenson & Williams
The White House, by Stevenson & Williams
From the Metropolitan Museum of Art

was rich and lovely, especially that of the popular blue ware. They were sold at a low price, and, as they caught the popular fancy, everybody bought them. The master potters sent their artists across the sea to make drawings of the important buildings in American cities, of the triumphs of material progress, and of the scenic beauties of the land. The designs were engraved on copper plates, printed on tissue paper with a preparation of color mixed with oil, and transferred to the clay by means of wet impressions.

In studying a collection of the blue and white plates and platters, you will be surprised by the variety of pictures of the civic life of the times. A few of the subjects are "Mt. Vernon, the seat of the late General George Washington," "City Hall, New York," "Harvard College," "The Landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden," "The Erie Canal," "Boston State House," "Battle of Bunker Hill," "Lafayette at the Tomb of Washington," and "Niagara Falls." There was, too, the portrait series of national heroes, including Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette, and the historical designs of which "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" is an example.

If you are interested in Staffordshire pottery, you might like to know the names of some of the potters. Among them were Enoch Wood, Joseph Stubbs, Andrew Stevenson, R. Stevenson and Williams, the Ridgeways, Joseph Clews, and Joseph Heath. The borders were characteristic of the potters who made the wares. For instance, the Ridgeways were fond of the rose-leaf medallions, while Enoch Wood was given to using seashells and mosses. The border designs of Joseph Stubbs were a combination of scrolls and flowers, broken by

eagles with half-spread wings, while the Clews made great use of floral borders.

Enoch Wood was sometimes called the "Father of Pottery." His patterns included over forty American views. The Clews were noted for their "States" plates and platters, boasting borders of festoons bearing the

MAHOGANY AND GILT
EAGLE MIRROR
Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

names of fifteen states. John Ridgway developed twenty views known as "The Beauties of America." Thomas Mayer issued a series of plates showing the coats-of-arms of various states.

At Liverpool, England, the Herculaneum Pottery turned out earthenware with American pictures. Many of them refer to the life and death of Washington, and Washington Pitchers in quantities were placed upon the

market. One design was made from Gilbert Stuart's portrait of the first president.

Yes, young America was proud of her liberty and her growing wealth and prosperity, and she was proud of the heroes who had helped to establish her individuality.

"Our republicanism was fresh and wide-awake," says Lucy Larcom. "The edge of George Washington's little hatchet had not yet been worn down to its latter-day dullness; it flashed keenly on our young eyes and ears in the reading books, and through Fourth of July speeches. The Father of His Country had been dead only a little more than a quarter of a century, and General Lafayette was still alive; he had, indeed, passed through our town but a few years before, and had been publicly welcomed under our own elms and lindens. Even babies echoed the names of our two heroes in their prattle."*

* "A New England Girlhood" by Lucy Larcom, p. 98.

Chapter III

A PEEK AT PEWTER

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

OLD SONG

Hurrah, my boys, come sing the tale
  Of the Indian hordes with me,
Who climbed the sides of the Dartmouth ship
  And made that Boston tea.

They scooped it up by chest and box,
  That herb of keen delight,
And out of the stern and over the bow
  Flung it with all their might.

They hoaxed the dames of high degree,
  Who waited beside the urns,
And gossiped, and scowled, and nodded, till
  Their lamps had ceased to burn.

Then wide flew the doors; each ruffled lord,
  In velvet and powdered queue,
Cried, Madam, the tea has shipped a sea,
  Not a half-pound left for you.

But 'twas a luscious drink we made
  King George's redcoats gay;
A harbor full of home-brewed tea,
  Way down in Boston Bay.

A PEEK AT PEWTER

The housewife, prim in days we know ourselves,
Display'd her polished pewter on her shelves;
Reserv'd to honor most the annual feast,
Where ev'ry kinsman proved a welcome guest.
No earthern plates or dishes then were known,
Save at the humble board as coarse as stone,
And there the trencher commonly was seen,
With its attendant ample platter treen.

G. Ward.

We stood in the dim farmhouse cellar, fragrant with the odor of Blue Pearmaines, Northern Spies, and hardy Baldwins, waiting in their barrels to be eaten with popcorn and molasses candy on crisp winter evenings or to be made into juicy, flaky pies. Can after can of huckleberries, raspberries, blackberries, pears, cherries, and plums, "raised on the place," filled the tiers of shelves. Ripe cucumber pickles, mustard pickles, and piccalilli filled the stone crocks. I was peering in to see! Lifting one of the covers, I held it up.

"Upon my word, a pewter platter!" I gasped.

The mistress of the farmhouse peered over her spectacles at the blackened object in my hand.

"Why, yes, I know it. There used to be a lot of 'em around the house. Some I've given away—but they make good covers for crocks, if you happen to break one."

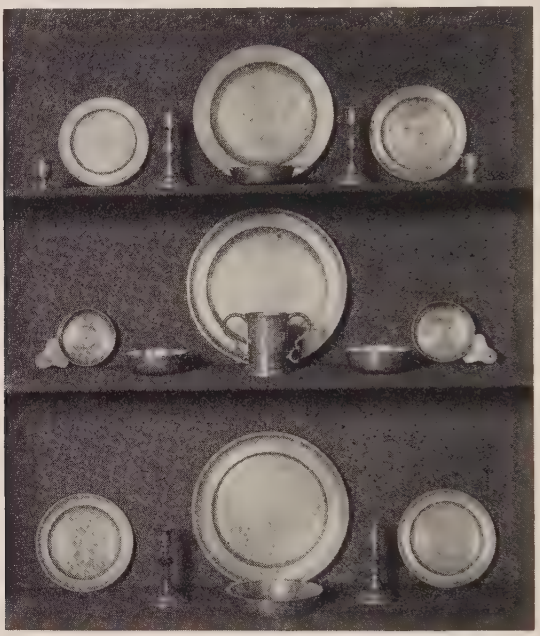
"You wouldn't—I couldn't have this one!" I ventured.

"Have it? Why, yes, I guess so—if you'll get me a cover for my crock."

"One! A million!" I recklessly promised.

I pictured the platter, cleaned and shining, joining

the pewter candlesticks, marked with the name of R. Dunham, and given me by a friend who knew that I prized them, my great-grandmother's plate from which I had scraped a bunch of cherries painted by some van-



AMERICAN PEWTER
By Courtesy of the Museum of Arts, Boston

dal's hand, the teapot, unearthed in the attic of a house in the Connecticut Valley, and the porringer that cost but eighty cents at a country auction.

My enthusiasm waned a little when I spent hours trying to clean the platter. I thought sadly of the colonial youngsters whose weekly duty it was to scour the household pewter with "cat-o-nine-tails." Poor dears! But when the platter was finally presentable, my heart was

filled with the same pride, I am sure, as that of the New England housewives when they beheld the rows of pewter dishes gleaming from the shelves of scrubbed dressers in their huge kitchens.

When the hardy pioneers built their homes along the Atlantic sea-board, pewter "garnishes" consisting of twelve plates, twelve dishes, and twelve saucers were cherished by housemothers.

Alice Morse Earle says, "A set of pewter platters or chargers and dishes made what was called a garnish of pewter, and were a source of great pride to every colonial housewife, and much time and labor were devoted to polishing them until they shone like silver. Dingy pewter was fairly accounted a disgrace. The most accomplished Virginia gentleman of his day gave as a positive rule, in 1728, that Pewter Bright was the sign of a good housekeeper." *

When Judge Sewell of Boston, the persecutor of witches, outfitted his fashionable daughter, Judith, for her "setting-out," he included with the dressings for the bed, the fine large Chintz Quilt, the true Looking Glass of Black Walnut Frame, the Black Walnut Chairs, the Brass Candlesticks and Chafing-Dishes, the small Glass Salt Cellars of White Glass and other household necessities. "One Duzen of large hard metal Pewter Plates new fashion, weighing about fourteen pounds" and "One Duzen hard metal Pewter Porringers."

Porringers were highly prized, and were bequeathed in nearly all the colonial wills. Not only plates and porringers were made of pewter, but urns, candlesticks, ewers, hot-water meal-warmers, tea-pots, "tappit-hens," or jugs, shaped like cream bottles with lids and handles

* "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" by Alice Morse Earle, p. 139.

PEWTER PORRINGERS
Metropolitan Museum of Art

like syrup jugs, flagons, lamps, coffee-pots, and spoons were fashioned from the popular material. Pewter spoons, by the way, are a real find for the collector. Pewter is so soft, you see, that an article as delicately fashioned and so much in use as a spoon was not at all durable.

Many valuable pieces of pewter were lost during the War of the Revolution. Patriotic women gave quantities of their cherished "table furnishings" to the cause—to be melted into bullets to help retain American independence.

A pewter dish figures in a story connected with the tyrant, General Prescott, whom the American colonists both feared and hated. He was finally captured by Colonel Barton of the patriot army and taken to Washington's headquarters in New Jersey. On his journey he was allowed to dine at a tavern in Lebanon, Connecticut, and the innkeeper's wife served him with a dish of succotash.

Prescott picked up the pewter dish containing the succotash and threw it upon the floor.

"What! do you treat me with the food of hogs?" he cried.

The tavern mistress gave one look at her cherished pewter and the food upon the floor, then left the room. When she returned, her husband, a horsewhip in his hand, followed and gave the violent Prescott a punishment that he never forgot.

In a period when every New England farmer counted a barrel of rum as part of the supplies of his cellar, when cider was as free as water, and punches were served at all merry-makings, the tankard and the beaker were part of the household outfittings and were commonly made of pewter. When the great whaling-industry became one of the epics of American national life and the sperm of the great sea-animal was found suitable for lighting purposes, pewter entered the ranks as a material for lamps.

Of the many pieces of early American pewter, none is more rare—with possibly the exception of the lidded tankard—than the six-inch pewter "sawcer," as it was called. Mugs of both quart and pint sizes, if they bear the marks of the earlier makers, are greatly sought by collectors.

No serious student of the history of early American pewter will fail to study the authentic book on the subject by Mr. J. B. Kerfoot. He has called the period between 1750 and 1825 the "Eight-inch plate period," and the makers of that time "the eight-inch plate men." The book is so large that you may fail to see this particular paragraph which I find so intriguing. May I quote it?

"We find that plates are the basis and background of our whole china notion. Serving plates, soup plates, dessert plates, bread and butter plates—take these away

and nothing remains of a set of china except the frills. —Wood, pewter, china—these three have been the successive rulers of the tableware world. Each has won its spurs as a frill material. Each has fought its way to complete command. And each, when its triumph was won and its time came to rule, has had the scepter handed to it on a dinner plate." *

Pewter as pewter was known centuries before the Pilgrims set sail for the new world. It is a composition of tin combined with certain alloys, and we are told that the Romans made it when they found tin in ancient Britain. In 1074 a synod in Rouen sanctioned its use for communion-sets and holy water vessels, but the first account that we have of its use in the household was at the coronation of Edward I of England, when a pewter cauldron was used for boiling the festal meats.

Later a guild of workmen experimented with the metal and during the succeeding years the "Worshipful Company of Pewterers" strictly watched its composition, and the casting and hammering of the utensils made from it. Articles which did not meet the requirements of the Guild were condemned to be re-melted and made over.

In America, the styles and forms closely followed those made by the English craftsmen. After a time the alloys were changed, and the harder, more brilliant metal which evolved was called "Britannia." Design in the wares also underwent a transformation, changing from the simple and dignified restraint of the early colonial period to the more elaborate forms of the early republic.

In the American colonies the trade of pewterer was most important. Mrs. Earle tells us that one of Bos-

* "American Pewter" by J. B. Kerfoot, p. 37.

ton's richest merchants, Henry Shrimpton, made large quantities of pewter ware for the Massachusetts colonists, and that in the latter years of his life, when he became wealthy, he had a great kettle built on top of his house to indicate the source of his fortune. Paul Revere not only designed exquisite silver pieces, but fashioned articles from pewter as well. The pewterer that we can name who was working in Boston in 1654 was Thomas Bumstead.

PEWTER POTS
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

It seems that the early American pewterers led somewhat itinerant lives, wandering over the rough roads and trails from one settlement to another, making the articles demanded by housekeepers. As the country became more settled, craftsmen established their shops in the large towns and began to work up profitable businesses.

Five American pewterers, four of Boston, are listed as working in the seventeenth century. Two of them, Henry Shrimpton and Thomas Bumstead, I have already mentioned. Others were Thomas Clarke and John Comer. The forty-two listed pewterers of the

eighteenth century were mostly located in Boston, New York, Waterbury, Connecticut, Philadelphia, and Hartford, Connecticut. The nineteenth century gives us nearly a hundred names well scattered over the Northern States. The search for information of our early days will doubtless divulge others.

We are told that Israel Trask of Beverly, Massachusetts, one of the greatest of the later pewterers, began the manufacture of Britannia ware. In an article, "A Massachusetts Pewterer," Mr. John Whiting Webber tells us interesting facts concerning him.*

During the time of the embargoes of the period of our second war with England, a lady asked at a certain store for a teapot. Naturally, the English supply was shut off. Young Israel Trask was standing near.

"Mrs. Ball," he said, "if you will give me a sack full of old teapots, I will melt them up and will make you as fine a new teapot as ever came from old England."

The lady agreed, and the old metal, melted in a kiln, cooled on iron plates, and rolled out, was fashioned into such successful new pewter teapots that later an order was given for one hundred dozen!

Thus, with true Yankee initiative, did Israel Trask begin the manufacture of his wares. Two of his brothers worked with him, and a pewter flagon designed by Oliver Trask is in the collection belonging to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

In 1831 Israel Trask erected a stone shop which is said to be still standing. Castors which had come into high favor, were a specialty of this pewterer, and a

* *Antiques*, January, 1924.

fine example can be seen in the collection of The Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts.

One real thrill that I had was when a woman in a small inland town told me of the pewter communion set owned by the village church.

"We'd like to sell it," she said. Then asked the inevitable question, "How much do you think it is worth?"

I assured her that I was but a humble, amateur antiquarian, not a dealer, but evinced interest in the old pewter set. We talked it over, and I discovered that it was a genuine Israel Trask communion set!

How will you identify an Israel Trask pewter piece, you ask. On most of his products is a small indented rectangle, reading "I Trask," while his brother's stamp is larger and contains the words, "O Trask."

Collectors seek the earlier examples of Israel Trask's output, since the later pieces follow the ornate style of the times and are over-decorated.

This question of the Israel Trask mark brings out an important point in collecting pewter—that of the "touch marks" stamped on the pieces. Usually the "touch" consisted of the craftsman's initials, or his name enclosed in a rectangle. Sometimes a shield or eagle was used. Some of the early American pewter is unmarked, but the age can be guessed at, at least, because the pewter of that period is soft and easily bent. But it must also be remembered that the English pewterers who did not belong to the guilds failed to mark their products.

The machine-turned Britannia ware made about 1825 had a decidedly "tinny" appearance. Twenty years later, we find that this particular type was still being produced in America. An interesting advertisement is found in *The Boston Almanac* for 1846. Among the listed wares,

including "Fine Ox Marrow, Bear's Grease, and Oils; Napkin Rings; Snuff and Tobacco Boxes; Carpet Bags; Common and Painted Slate Pencils," and numerous other sundries, appear "*Britannia*—Tea and Coffee Pots; Lamps and Castors," as well as "Plated *Britannia* and G. S. Spoons."

Unearthing a bit of American pewter to add to your own collection, though the number of pieces you own may be comparatively small, will bring you a joy hard to define. It is so human, so commonplace, yet so full of romance, when we remember its close association with the homely, everyday life of our forefathers! It deserves as much study as you find time to give to it.

EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF ISRAEL TRASK
By Courtesy of *Antiques*

Chapter IV

"THE CRISTAL GLASS WHICH GLIMETH BRAVE AND BRIGHT"

TO AN OLD VENETIAN WINE-GLASS

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

"Daughter of Venice, fairer than the moon!
From thy dark casement leaning, half divine,
And to the lutes of love that low repine
Across the midnight of the hushed lagoon
Listening with langour in a dreamful swoon—
On such a night as this thou didst entwine
Thy lily fingers round this glass of wine,
And clasped thy climbing lover—none too soon!
Thy lover left, but ere he left thy room
From this he drank, his warm lips at the brim;
Thou kissed it as he vanished in the gloom;
That kiss, because of thy true love for him—
Long, long ago, when thou wast in thy bloom,—
Hath left it ever rosy round the rim!"

"THE CRISTAL GLASS WHICH GLIMETH BRAVE AND BRIGHT"

A flawless cup: how delicate and fine
The flowing curve of every jewelled line!
Henry Van Dyke.

We were talking of characters in books who had impressed us most in our childhood, and right into the midst of the pictures of "Jo" and "David Copperfield," and "Hans Brinker" danced "Marietta, A Maid of Venice," bewitched into life by a dark-eyed woman whose delicate perceptions and love of the beautiful are a joy to all of her friends.

"I have always loved Venetian glass since I read about her years ago!" exulted Marietta's admirer. "Oh, yes, it is quite true that I do not know much about it, except it is exquisite, and the secret of its making was carefully guarded by the great glass-makers of Venice."

As if by magic, her words carried me to The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and I found myself standing again in the galleries where the delicate jewels of Venetian craftsmanship were displayed. And I, making at that time my first visit to the Museum, went no farther, though there were treasures, other than the drinking-cups and vases of Venetian nobles, I had come far to see. I reveled not only in the slender loveliness and the delicate cuttings of the glass, but in the fact that the craftsmen who made these rare objects had left their traditions to the glass-makers of Europe, and, incidently, to the producers of the glass made centuries afterwards in America.

In order that their secrets might not be learned, the

Venetian glass-makers virtually were held prisoners on the Island of Murano. Near the middle of the sixteenth century the ban was raised and they were allowed to travel in England, Flanders, Spain, and France. Everywhere they went, they were hailed with enthusiasm. In some places they built their own glass-works or worked in those already established. Though the passing of years has lessened the ideals given to the world by these master craftsmen, their traditions have been far-reaching.

We are naturally interested in American glass, but we must glance at some of the old-world types because they were put upon the American market in such large quantities that collectors now regard them as pertaining to the home-life of pre-Revolutionary and Federal periods.

First, let us mention "the best glass" of grandmother's dinner-table—the red glass-ware decorated with vines and grape-leaves which the Bohemian glass-works turned out for its foreign trade. These somewhat commonplace products must not, of course, be confused with the pieces of early glass which so plainly show the influence of the Venetian traditions. The last were jewels, designed for the use of nobles, while the ruby table glass with its white scrollings, imported into the United States during the seventies and eighties, was obviously commercial.

I have already spoken of the Bristol glass mug owned by the New York Historical Society, and probably made for the American trade when Vermont entered the union. The town of Bristol in England had, at the height of its business success, fifteen glass-houses, or so, turning out myriads of pieces of table-glass, vases, candle-sticks, paper-weights, and other novelties which

were extremely popular with American house-wives for many years. In fact, my daughter inherited from her grandmother her wedding toilet-set, made of blue Bristol glass, decorated with lines of gilt and bouquets of flowers painted in mineral paints. To a certain extent, the Venetian tradition was retained in Bristol glass-making, and imitations of some types of Venetian glass were exploited.

AMBER BRISTOL GLASS TABLE SERVICE
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

Waterford, Ireland, was also a great glass-manufacturing center.

"Some idea of the amount of the output may be gathered when it is known that as many as two hundred workmen were daily at work at the glass-house up to 1820 and that an equal number had been employed for thirty-six years," says N. Hudson Moore. "But the most interesting point to Americans, at least, is that thousands, hundreds of thousands of pieces of this glass

were sent to the United States, that Gatchell's account books duly set it down and that American newspapers advertised it for sale. As late as 1842 George Gatchell and Co. announced that they made 'every article made of glass for use, luxury or adornment; also chandeliers, lustres, lamps, hall bells, and candelabra in bronze, ormolu and glass. Medical establishments supplied.' " *

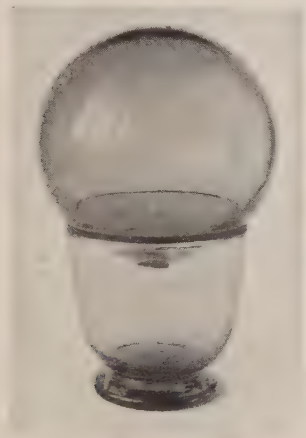
EARLY BRISTOL AMBER GLASS
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

It would be impossible in a chapter of this length to attempt a detailed description of English and Irish glass or to speak of the Dutch and German products which stamped marked characteristics on certain types of American glass. I have found, however, that once you are given a hint concerning glass you wander on and on in its study. It is a fascinating subject, and although it is one of the more recent phases of collecting, it has more advocates now than almost any other kind.

Glass-making was one of the first crafts to be attempted in the American Colonies. In 1608 the English

* "Old Glass, European and American," by N. Hudson Moore, p. 179.

colonists of Jamestown, Virginia, under Captain Christopher Newport, started a glass-making project which was afterwards repeated under the direction of Captain John Smith. Some beads of lovely colourings, a few fragments of bowl, and some window glass, preserved in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial



WISTARBURG BOWL WITH BALL COVER. OLIVE GREEN

WISTARBURG PITCHER

By Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

Art, are mute witnesses to this venture. Bottles, window glass, and other products were made at Salem, Massachusetts as early as 1638. Two Dutchmen, Jan Smeedes and Evert Duyckingk, were working at glass-making during the years 1654 to 1656, while in 1683, an English glass-maker, Joshua Tittery, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, was plying his trade. A member of the Pennypacker family in 1707 started a glass-house at Schwenksville in Pennsylvania, and in 1732 we hear of two factories in New York.

But the outstanding date of American glass-mak-

ing was 1739, when Caspar Wistar, the producer of the first flint glass, opened a factory in New Jersey in a town which afterwards received the name of Wistarburg. Wistar was really a manufacturer of brass buttons with a business in Philadelphia. He was a shrewd man of affairs, and, recognizing the need in colonies for a glass factory, he brought over expert artisans from Holland to teach "his son and himself and no one else" the secrets of glass-making. The Wistar factory produced such ordinary useful articles as window glass, lamp chimneys, table-wares, bottles for holding liquors, as well as scent bottles and vases.

Caspar Wistar's lovely fine glass was one of the channels through which beauty came into the homes of our ancestors. It is exquisite in shape and coloring and is eagerly sought by collectors. The clear green, in all of its shades, as well as the characteristic blue of almost a turquoise cast, are in great favour, while the amber, the rare brown, the delicate canary yellow, found in small pieces, and the opalescent colorings are beautiful. Two-colored glass, dipped in one color and then decorated in whorls and waves with another hue, was a product of the Wistarburg factory. The glass-works were in operation until the War for American Independence crippled colonial industries.

The story of William Henry Stiegal, the maker of what is now the greatly-sought-for and most valuable of American glass, reads like a romance. He was a living example of the epic in which America delights—the poor boy seeking his fortune in a new country or an unknown section of his own and from it wrenching a fortune by his own prowess. But, alas for poor Stiegal, there was an anti-climax to his story, for he fell from

STIEGAL FLIP-GLASS. WHITE FLINT

A STIEGAL MUG. WHITE FLINT

By Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

his established place in the sun and passed his last years in bitter poverty!

The young German came from near Cologne to Philadelphia when he was but twenty-one years old. Two years later, in 1752, he made a long stride in the commercial world by marrying Elizabeth Huber, the daughter of an ironmaster in Lancaster County. He made a fortune from the iron business, and then proceeded to spend it in princely style. His title of "Baron," by which he is now known, was no doubt honorary and given to him by his fellow townsmen to designate his superior wealth and ostentatious habits.

Later the "Baron" went into the real estate business and promoted the town of Mannheim. Now came the question of a profitable business for the new town. Stiegal had learned the principles of glass-making in his home-town in Germany, so he decided upon that as a fitting craft. With half-a-dozen workmen, he opened his first glass-house at Mannheim, to be followed by another in which a hundred men of different nationalities were employed. By 1765 he had a splendid business and was turning out his products in great amounts.

But Stiegal was extravagant and lived beyond his means. We are told that his goings and comings in his ornate coach from his fine house in Mannheim were announced on all occasions by blasts from cannons! His business of glass-making was short lived, and in 1774 he was sold out completely, so he was making glass a little less than ten years. It is sad to relate that the master craftsman and spendthrift eked out the last meagre years of his short life by turning his hand to almost any occupation that would bring him in a little money.

Stiegal glass has been found in remote places in the South, all through the Middle Atlantic States, and in New England. I saw my first piece, years ago, when as a little girl, snugly tucked into a starched white pinafore, I went to supper with my mother's elderly cousins. And, can you believe it, I always drank my milk from a "pretty painted glass" gaily adorned with

STIEGAL GLASS SALT CELLAR AND PITCHER
By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

decorations in brilliant reds, blues, yellows, and white! Years later I learned that this glass was "Stiegal" of the type made under the "Baron's" personal supervision and decorated by a method typically German.

Stiegal glass is a subject worthy of study by all amateur collectors who are interested in American arts and crafts. The best permanent exhibits of the work of both Wistar and Stiegal are in the Metropolitan Museum in New York and in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia.

The average collector cannot hope to own many pieces of Stiegal, but he should learn to recognize it when he sees it. The etched and engraved glass is dis-

tinguished for its beauty of workmanship and its brilliancy. Stiegal of course manufactured clear glass, which included the various types of table outfittings. His colored glass is lovely. Perhaps the best known is the blue, varying from the shade of the Bristol works to an almost indigo hue. Two shades of green were made. The pale green is found more often than the brilliant shade. Purple glass was produced as well as a warm amber which is extremely rare.

STIEGAL GLASS TUMBLERS AND MUG
By Courtesy of the Boston Museum of Arts

As I have said before, glass-making, like other American industries, suffered during the War of the Revolution. When Independence was gained, the country began to turn its attention to the normal affairs of life again and pleas were sent out to promote agriculture and manufacturing. Let me quote from "Hints to Manufacturers" by Mark Leavenworth, published in 1788.

"The making of glass has been the subject of an exclusive grant," he wrote. "The grantees have never made any, because they did not understand their own business: not because they wanted workmen who understood theirs. The grant is, or will be forfeited, before they will ever make any. The grantees have always

been calculating to make the crown window glass, which of all glass work, is the most difficult and expensive.—The business of making the bottles is much less; and people, who understand the business, could much easier be obtained. If they wished to extend their business into the white glass, there is no article which they might not better attempt than window glass; decanters, tumblers, chandeliers, sconces, phials and wine glasses, all pay a freight beyond all proportion greater than the window glass. But, after all, the bottles would be the greatest object to more than one glass house; for if we could have them at a reasonable price, the sale would be vastly more extensive, and our farmers would be much benefited by it."

The true antiquarian is ever on the outlook for clues leading to new information in regard to the customs of our forefathers. When the well-known Massachusetts collector, Miss Evanore O. Beebee first came to Wilbraham, fifty years ago, she was offered, from time to time, flagon-shaped bottles of a peculiar brownish-green color. They invariably smelled of camphor. In each case she was told that it was a "Ludlow Bottle," and that some ancient Aunt Maria or Grandma Prouty had "allus kep' it for camphor and set great store by it."

After a time, Miss Beebee had accumulated a set of these Ludlows, and she realized that they were unlike other bottles and wondered why they were termed the names bestowed upon them. Legend responded that the town of Ludlow, Massachusetts, had once held a glass factory, that the citizens of the nearby towns used to visit the works and that it was a pretty custom to blow for each caller a special bottle which was taken home and given to the "women-folks" for holding camphor. As to when the factory flourished, where it stood, or

what had become of it during the passage of years, nothing was known. This mystery was a challenge to the collector and she set forth to discover "Ludlow!" For a while sly fun was poked at her. But in following her plan of interrogating every one from the town of the suspected glass-factory, she at length secured a lead. One ancient dame remembered playing, as a child, with bits of broken glass found near her home, and being told stories of a great "hot pot full of melted stuff which poured out into pretty things." Reckoning back, it appeared that all this must have happened before the Revolutionary War.

The aid of an expert, Mrs. Martha W. Vyth, of Springfield was secured, and the county records of that city and of Northampton were searched for the owners of that section of land. After a long search, the probate records afforded help in the form of an inheritance deed. The mythical factory became a fact, having, in truth, existed before the War for Independence was fought. The original grant was given to the Sikes Family, where it remained until slightly later than 1800. The looming war, inattention to business, and lack of competent employees all contributed to the abandonment of the experiment. Lack of good sand was probably as forceful a hindrance to its prosperity as any other cause. The Ludlow bottle never attained even a peep at perfection, and on that account may always be positively identified by any collector today. To Miss Beebe's efforts the one-time factory owes its present existence as a matter of history, and now the Ludlow works are listed by modern glass collectors as a matter of course, while the fortunate discoverer possesses what is probably the largest number of Ludlow bottles belonging to any one person.

Chapter V

ARE YOU COLLECTING SANDWICH GLASS?

TEA

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL, ESQ.

1816

Give me, give me here my tea;
Ladies' nectar! give it me;
Sweet as what the Hummer sips
Or the dew on Beauty's lips.
Tea 'tis makes the spirits flow,
Tickles up the heart of Woe,
Sets the tongue, enlivens wit,
Gives the sweet poetic fit.
Tea 'tis makes the charming Fair
Sprightly, pleasing as they are.
What is more than all, 'twas Tea,
Tea, that set Columbia free.

ARE YOU COLLECTING SANDWICH GLASS?

They placed their cups which might be wet
In "cup-plates" for the purpose set.
Some of the small glass cups portray
The visage mild of Henry Clay,
On others, through the workman's craft,
Stands Bunker Hill's Memorial shaft.

Mary Saltonstall Parker.

She sat on her bed in the room of a small hotel on one of the islands of Casco Bay. Her eyes were glowing, and she gloated—yes, fairly gloated—over the array of old glass bottles, pickle dishes, goblets, jam dishes, and salt cellars surrounding her!

"Aren't they wonderful!" she crowed. "I've been all over the island collecting them; and the housewives were willing—even eager, my dear, to sell them! Wasn't I lucky, for do you know, they're real Sandwich Glass!"

Does the enthusiasm with which this little lady displayed her bits of amber, blue, vaseline-colored, and opalescent glass seem ludicrous to you? If it does, you have not as yet contracted the mania for glass-collecting that has swept through the United States. But I fully understood, for I, too, was a victim. A grape-pattern goblet and an enthusiastic friend had started me. The goblet was the only one left of my grandmother's set. The glass-collecting friend saw it.

"What a beauty!" she exclaimed. "And hidden away on the top shelf of a cupboard! Notice the pattern, those outstanding grapes! Hear that musical ring!" She tapped the rim with her fingers. "You should collect a set of say half-a-dozen. One goblet isn't of much value

except for the sentiment—but a set of this pattern would be a treasure!"

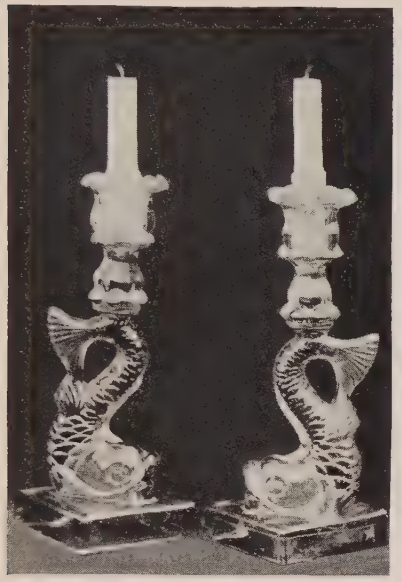
Right then and there I became possessed with a desire to own those glasses. I haunted small antique shops and harried my friends—and, at the end of the year, the set was complete. It was so much more fun to hunt them up this way—to get trail of a goblet and run it to its lair—than to go into some large antique shop and buy five outright.

No doubt you have heard this little verse of Irish names,

"By Mac and O' you'll always know
True Irishmen, they say.
But, should they lack both O' and Mac,
No Irishmen are they."

To many persons the word "cup-plates" is synonymous with Sandwich Glass, but like the statement about Irish names, it is not sweepingly true, for they may have been made at some other factory than the one at Sandwich. However, it is correct to say that cup-plates are eagerly sought by lovers of glass.

Of course you know that these small glass plates were used by our great-grandmothers to hold the handleless cups while the ladies drank their tea from the deep saucers. Oh, yes, it was exceedingly smart to drink one's tea from a saucer! But, alas, as tea-drinking from saucers went out of fashion, the charming cup-plates lost favour, and many were broken and disappeared forever! An elderly woman told me that her mother gave her a dozen cup-plates for dolls' dishes, and that they went the way of children's breakable playthings.



DOLPHIN CANDLESTICKS, SANDWICH GLASS
By Courtesy of *Antiques*

The Casco Bay Lady had collected a goodly number of cup-plates.

"I began collecting cup-plates before this mania for glass was prevalent," she told me, "so I have some rare specimens. I lay awake nights wondering just how I should display them. Then I had an inspiration. I had each tiny plate carefully set in a small pane of the Dutch windows in my dining-room. They are truly effective and everyone who sees them compliments me upon the idea!"

"Dolphin Candlesticks" is another name associated at once with Sandwich Glass. I was introduced to my first genuine pair in a dusty, over-crowded antique shop on the Connecticut River. You notice that I say genu-

ine! Beware, oh, beware of the many imitations sold under the name of Dolphin Candlesticks!

A glass-loving friend picked up this pair of candlesticks and ran toward the dealer.

"I see you've a set of Dolphin Candlesticks, and I believe they're real!"

"Indeed they are, madam! Let me tell you a little story about them. A customer came in and offered me a good price for mine to go with one she had. I wouldn't sell it, no indeed, but I paid her almost twice as much for hers as the price she offered me!"

It was the friend who accompanied me to this antique shop who first pointed out to me the interesting statement of N. Hudson Moore in regard to the use of the dolphin in glass-making.

"The dolphin as an ornament on glass probably originated in Venice. A single dolphin in exquisite opal glass, bearing on his tail a shallow flaring dish, shell-like in shape, is not a rare Italian model. Twisted dolphins were used in England as well as single ones, and sometimes they were used on covers. Later the dolphin was much used in the various Sandwich patterns of pressed glass." *

But all Sandwich glass candlesticks were not of the dolphin type. Some of the early moulded ones were extremely graceful in design and made of glass of a bright silvery texture. Others were enriched by a row of cut lustres, hanging on tiny wires from the bases of the candle-stands.

Among my first recollections of my grandmother's prim "parlor" was a pair of spark lamps decorating the mantel over the fireplace. Grandmother told us that

* "Old Glass, European and American" by N. Hudson Moore, pp. 167 and 168.

whale's oil was burned in these tiny lamps, and thereafter the bits of glass spelled romance to me and brought me pictures of life "on the bounding deep." I tried not to forget my illusions when a lamp-collector casually said that they were illuminated by camphrene instead of the fluid I had so fondly thought! I have no doubt that these lamps were made in Sandwich, for the glass company early realized that small-priced glass lamps would sell readily. Various patterns

SANDWICH GLASS LAMPS OF BEAUTIFUL AND ELABORATE DESIGN
By Courtesy of *Antiques*

and designs were used, and they were made in such quantities that they are now readily found. If you are a New Englander, you may be sure that the glass hand-lamps used by your mother or grandmother were either made of Sandwich glass or manufactured by the New England Glass Company of which I shall tell you later. Some of the early styles were the spark lamps, with or without handles, the "wine-glass" with its rounded

oil font for a single whale-oil burner, the "tumbler lamp," exceedingly rare, and the many combinations of tops and bases of graceful designs and beautiful proportions which make these early lamps a joy forever.

I think that here is the place for me to tell you a little concerning the patterns used by the Sandwich glass designers. Very common was the heart pattern. I am sure that you have seen it, as well as the combination of "Heart and Honey-comb," on compotes,

SANDWICH GLASS COMPOTE
By Courtesy of *Antiques*

glass plates, sauce dishes, cup-plates, and lamps. There are many variations, but you cannot mistake the "heart" wherever and whenever you see it. The ripple pattern is a logical development in design by Cape Cod workmen who had become familiar with the lines left upon the sands by receding tides.

Very often on glass dishes, especially on fruit dishes, you will notice a design that looks as if someone had pressed his thumb over the surface. This is called the

"Thumb Print" pattern. The "Bell Flower" is delicate and lovely and much sought by collectors. A common pattern is the honey-comb, and the diamond pattern is easy to find.

Early Sandwich glass was lacy and had a silvery sheen. It is said that the secret of making it was carefully guarded. Lace glass was not made after 1840. But I certainly must not forget to mention the hob-nail glass, made during the period following the Civil War. It decorated glass of different colors and different

SANDWICH GLASS PLATE AND MUG

shapes. The finest set of hob-nail that I have seen was a sugar bowl, creamer, and spoon-holder of amber glass.

A friend of mine proudly displays one dozen goblets perfectly intact, bearing the famous inscription *E Pluribus Unum*. History has further imprinted itself upon pressed glass of New England, for the laying of the Atlantic Cable furnished the *motif* for the twisted strands of the rare cable pattern.

During the period when the Sandwich Glass Company was working, lovely, colored glass was produced,

but the improvement of its manufacture did not reach its height until after the Civil War. At one time exquisite candlesticks, vases, and perfume bottles of a lovely canary color were made. It is said that this glass was introduced to the Sandwich works by craftsmen from Bristol. The opal glass which one sometimes finds was made by a process taught to the Sandwich workmen by an Englishman who received a large sum for his services of six months.

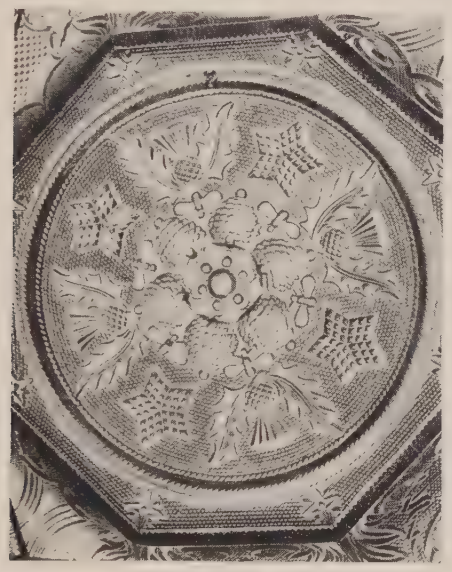
Whenever I meet people who are collecting glass bottles I think of the song so popular nearly a quarter of a century ago in which these lines appeared,

"Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?"

Now please don't think that I'm saying that all glass bottles were of Sandwich glass! They may have come from any glass factory, even one in Ohio! Yet, whatever their birthplaces, there is a quaint fascination about these bottles of dull green, bright blue, and brown glass used by our grandfathers for their bitter medicines and liquors.

And now I must disillusion you! Perhaps your cherished Sandwich Glass isn't Sandwich Glass at all! Let me explain. In 1825 a company of workmen purchased a tract of land in the town of Sandwich, Massachusetts, for the purpose of building a furnace for the manufacture of flint glass. Sixty workmen were at first employed, but the venture was so successful that we find that in 1853 about five hundred men were making glass in Sandwich. But this was not the first, or the only glass company in New England. Glass bottles were made in Salem as early as 1639. In Quincy a group of German workmen started a glass-works which produced numerous products, including lamps. Their designs were characterized by a spiral twist, but the

quality of the glass was not good. In 1780 one Robert Hewes began to make glass lamps and other wares in Temple, New Hampshire. The lamps of the Temple factory were distinguished by patented burners in which the wicks came through patented corks instead of through pewter or brass caps. The business directory



SANDWICH GLASS PLATE SHOWING AN ELABORATE VARIATION OF THE THISTLE *MOTIF*
By Courtesy of *Ant ques*

of *The Boston Almanack* of 1846 advertises the offices of the following glass manufactories: Boston, and Sandwich Glass Company; Thomas Cains; A. S. and W. G. Lewis; Joseph H. Lord; New England Glass Company; John A. Preston.

But it is the New England Glass Company, formed in Cambridge and operating until late into the nineteenth century, that interests us. This company did a

big business and there is no doubt but that many of the articles listed and sold as "real Sandwich glass" were made by the New England Glass Company. Really, it does not greatly matter, as the early products of both factories are collected. Still, if you feel that it does make a difference and are anxious to know Sandwich glass, there are a few points which may help you. People who consider themselves expert claim to be able to tell by "the feel." Then there is a certain silvery brilliance of early Sandwich glass. As I have said before, it was made by a secret formula of the company. This iridescent quality is perhaps the best test of Sandwich glass of the early period.

You can't be with glass collectors without constantly hearing of pontil marks. All the first glass articles were made by means of a blow-pipe. About two years after the factory was started, a mould machine was invented, but, even so, it was necessary to use the blow-pipe with it. On wares made before a machine to press glass in a mould was invented you will find rough and irregular spots. These are the pontil marks, and they show where the end of the blow-pipe was broken from the article. It is one of the distinguishing marks of glass of the early period.

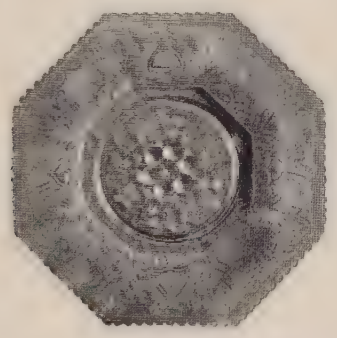
Collecting pressed glass has become one of the hobbies of the day. A quarter of a century ago but few antiquarians were interested in it. For that reason good pieces were destroyed or given away. I know of one woman who gave away two or three of the glass hens now eagerly sought by people who have developed "glass mania." Another woman, living in one of the stately old homes in the Connecticut Valley, collected her old glass at house-cleaning times and placed the pieces in a box in the attic. Then, bit by bit, she gave

it away to needy persons. She was saved from utter vandalism by a friend who was prowling about the attic. Now the remaining pickle-jars, jam dishes and salt-cellars are among her cherished possessions.

Collecting glass has its surprises and its romance, too. My daughter once drew a package containing a half-dozen old pressed glass salt-cellars from a grab-bag at the local church fair. Upon investigation we found that they had been donated by an old lady who insisted that the child keep them. So the ten-year-old started collecting Sandwich Glass!

Perhaps one of the most interesting stories of all is that told by a woman whose husband keeps a general store which has been in the family for four generations. The wife became interested in Sandwich glass. One day her husband took her up in the store garret, and showed her a barrel which she knew had been there since his grandfather's day. In it were a number of dozen of perfect goblets, Sandwich or New England Glass Company products.

One of the jolly things about glass collecting is the



Mould used both by Sandwich and Duncan & Sons of Pittsburgh. Also for modern glass by Heisey Co., Newark, Ohio

fact that the objects collected are usable and do not just occupy space in cabinets. You use your goblets, your salt-cellars, and your glass plates. On gala occasions, possibly, but still you use them. Your choice candlesticks decorate your tables. You have your glass lamps wired. Bottles? Oh, yes, you use them, too. Not for the same purposes that your grandfathers did, but you have them wired, also, and, with the right kind of shades, they make charming lamps.

You really must collect Sandwich Glass!

Chapter VI

PIONEER POTTERY

From INDEPENDENCE DAY

From the "Colon and Spades" Papers, Contributed to "The Farmer's Museum," etc.

1798

Squeak the fife, and beat the drum,
Independence day is come!!
Let the roasting pig be bled,
Quick twist off the cockerel's head,
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nutcakes, fried in butter.
Set the cups and beaker glass,
The pumpkin and the apple sauce;
Send the keg to shop for brandy;
Maple sugar we have handy.

Sal, put on your russet skirt,
Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt,
Today we dance to tiddle diddle.
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;

Moll, come leave your witched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six.
Father and mother shall make two;
Sal, Moll and I stand all a-row;
Sambo, play and dance with quality;
This is the day of blest equality.
Father and mother are but *men,*
And Sambo—is a citizen.
Come, foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you dance up to him;
Now saw as fast as e'er you do,
And father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious independent day.
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds! as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's ensign Sneak, and Uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her,
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.
And there's the 'Squire too, with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the 'Squire our great armchair;
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.

PIONEER POTTERY

Wide bowls, white and brown and dark orange;
Vases black and white, and burnt umber;
Or orange and white, with twining, graceful flowers,
And little turned-up handles.

Jean Crosse Hansen.

"A FIREPLACE occupied half of the south wall, and heavy brands flamed between its great andirons. Above them on a crane among hooks and links, an iron tea-kettle lazily gurgled; and over the fireplace earthen pans, candlesticks, and snuffers sat on a high mantle-tree."

So Eliza Nelson Blair, who knew the homely fashions of olden times, wrote in "'Lizbeth Wilson," her story of New Hampshire farm life.

Earthen milk-pans are no more—as a household commodity. The coming of the tin peddler in his bright red cart, filled with shining wares, sounded their knell. But they are desired by the collector of early American antiques and so are bean-pots—of a kind—and stone "crocks."

Just at the present time, the collector who has been hunting the pressed glass used on Grandmother's supper-table has also turned his attention to ferreting out specimens of early American pottery. He is "picking-up" and "bidding-off" stoneware jars, vinegar jugs, molasses jugs, stoneware churns, cream-pots, pudding-pots, water-kegs, and bean-pots. In fact, he is looking for all kinds of crockery food-containers, dear to the housewives of the past generations.

I shall begin by telling you something of the first decorated pottery to be made in this country—the slip-

decorated pottery and sgraffito ware produced by the Pennsylvania Germans whose fathers came from the Rhine district. They were true to the traditions of the homeland—and just as they retained their language and customs, so they clung to the handicrafts of the country across the sea. So busy were they turning the

PENNSYLVANIA TULIP-WARE PLATE
Early Nineteenth Century
Metropolitan Museum of Art

rich soil of the new land that they lacked time for much else. But they could manage to find some hours for pottery making, and built a few small potteries where they made slip-decorated wares from the middle of the eighteenth century until well into the nineteenth. The material used was the native yellow clay, and the name of the ware was obtained from the liquid, cream-colored clay or "slip" applied to the base. Red lead or galena was used for the glaze, and the more ornate pieces were colored with verdigris and manganese.

The method of tracing the design differed slightly

in the sgraffito ware from that followed in the ornamentation of the slip-decorated pottery. The design was made by scratching away the slip-coat from the underlying surface instead of tracing the design in the slip.

The patterns were varied, but represented objects seen and loved by the designers. It was reminiscent of

CONNECTICUT SLIPWARE
Metropolitan Museum of Art

one of the old German gardens to find the patterns of the tulip, the fuschia, the forget-me-not, the rose, the pink, and the lily-of-the-valley embossed on this pottery. Fruits were not forgotten, nor birds, both domestic and wild. Frequently animals and even scenes from the daily life of the family served as subjects of designs.

During the rebuilding of an old house in southern Pennsylvania, workmen unbricked an old bakeshop, hidden for so many years that no person then alive had ever heard of it. And there, in the excavated spot,

stood a large and beautifully designed yeast-jar of earthenware!

The German potters were not confined exclusively to Pennsylvania. One of the best of them, Mehwaldt, operated in the village of Bergholtz in western New York, working alone at his primitive brick oven and wooden kick-wheel from 1851 to 1887. His ware had a peculiar mottled effect made by splashing a darker mixture upon the light surface with a small brush, and there is an old tradition that this genius of the potter's wheel achieved a certain deep red coloring matter by mixing fresh beef blood with the ingredients! Mehwaldt was a picturesque figure, worthy of being woven into the web of an American novel. He produced quantities of crocks, cooking utensils, candlesticks, tableware, milk-pans, several German tiled stoves, memorial wreaths—inspired by the memory of the son whom he gave to the Civil War—and a huge chandelier of clay for his church.

Other pottery made in New Jersey, New York, and in New England belonged to an entirely different class from that made by the German emigrants.

The householders of early America imported the outfittings of their tables from the kilns of England, the fine potteries of France, and later, from the Orient. Little native pottery, made by isolated potters, was turned out until after the middle of the eighteenth century. But the early part of the nineteenth brought more interest in home-manufactured earthenware.

The early potters were unable to find clays of the quality used in making the famous wares of England. A clay-bed was discovered at Huntington, Long Island, and a pottery was established which operated from pre-Revolutionary days until 1904. Pitchers, crocks,

mixing-bowls, jars, jugs, pie-plates, and bean-pots were made in deep red shades with added decorative splashes. About the year 1800 gray stoneware, frequently decorated with blue, was produced.

New England potters were expert with but two kinds of pottery, redware and stoneware. Country stores sold redware crocks, jars, churns, pitchers, mugs, bottles, cups, milk-pans, pie-plates, inkstands, butter and pickle pots, teapots, vases, sugar bowls, plates, and platters—in fact, all of the commodities of this sort which the ingenuity of the Yankee potter contrived for household use.

Common brick clay furnished the basis for redware. It was fired at a low temperature, was lead-glazed, and decorated in colored slip. Gray stoneware was harder than the redware and also more expensive.

Connecticut, the birthplace of the bean-pot, led in the production of pottery and earthenware was made in great quantities from 1771 until 1850. Potteries were working in Norwich as early as 1796. The one at Bean Hill was well known, and later, about 1836, the Norwich Pottery Works were established. The clay was brought in schooners from New Jersey and Long Island, and the products were distributed to country stores by wagons. The business was abandoned in 1895, and, today, not a trace of the industry remains. Norwich had a pottery in 1780; Hartford in 1790; Stonington in 1798.

Massachusetts boasts of having one of the earliest of New England potters, John Pride of Salem, who was producing pottery in 1641. There were potteries at Danvers, Charlestown, Weston, and Ashfield. An unusual ware, having an almost black glaze, was produced in Peabody.

DANVERS POTTERY
From the Essex Institute

Pottery was made in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, in Portland, Maine, and in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, as well as in Boscawen. The Rev. Mr. Price, writing in 1820, speaks of the industries of the town at that period in this way, "There are in this town seventeen saw-mills, five corn-mills,—three of which have two runs of stones, and all furnished with bolts,—four fulling-mills, five carding-machines, two mills for grinding tanners' bark, one trip-hammer, one mill for turning cart-wheel hubs and felloes, and *one for grinding lead for potters' ware.*" *

The local history of the town of Boscawen says, "Queen's-ware was manufactured for many years in Boscawen by Jeremiah Burpee. His establishment stood on the spot now occupied by the residence of John Rines. During the bright summer days, travellers on the turnpike were accustomed to see a white horse going his rounds, attached to the sweep of the clay-mill, while through an open window of the shop they saw Mr.

* "Boscawen and Webster 1733-1788," compiled by Charles Carleton Coffin, p. 637.

Burpee and his sons fashioning milk-jars and cream-pots and jugs upon the swiftly revolving wheels. Upon long boards on the southern side of the shop were rows of manufactured articles drying in the sun. Later in the season, at midnight, the shop was all aglow with the light of the flame of the kiln. The ware found a market among the farmers of the country."*

Next to Connecticut, Vermont is, without doubt, the best known of the pottery-producing states, for Bennington ware which was made during the first years of the nineteenth century was recognized by collectors before any interest at all was taken in the cruder types of earthenware. The name of the Fenton family is closely associated with Vermont pottery. It included two brothers, Jonathan, Jr. and Richard Webber Fenton who were pioneer potters in Vermont. Jonathan Fenton established a stoneware pottery at East Dorset. He was the father of Christopher Webber Fenton who later became associated with the Bennington pottery, established by Captain John Norton in 1793. Other members of the Fenton family were employed also at the Bennington works. As the business of making stoneware developed, two firms, the Norton Company and the United States Pottery Company were active in Bennington.

The early products from the Bennington works were quaint and unusual, and without doubt there is nothing in any other country that is similar to them, except possibly some of the early Staffordshire ware.

"Bennington ware can hardly be compared to the finely moulded type of work that is produced by the various well-known pottery manufacturers in Europe," state the authors of "The American Renaissance." "It

* "Boscawen and Webster," p. 642.

is extremely coarse and crude, and primarily interesting in its modeling, subject matter, and coloring. It required much originality and imagination to conceive of the bottle coachmen, the laughing cows, the fierce lions, the diminutive tobys, and droll poodle dogs which were turned out at Bennington." *

BENNINGTON DOG, MOTTLED BROWN GLAZE
Probably Middle Nineteenth Century
Metropolitan Museum of Art

Bennington ware included all kinds of tableware, door-knobs, mantel ornaments, and pitchers. Stoneware and redware were made at Burlington, and many unmarked pieces now found in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and northern New York were produced by a firm known as Nichols and Alford. Both the Bennington and Burlington potteries made the mottled, brown-glazed ware known as Rockingham. It included pitchers, vases, mugs, and ornamental flower-pots. One interest-

* "The American Renaissance" by Theodore M. Dillaway and Sherrill Whiton, p. 135.

ing example is a hound-handled pitcher, stamped with the name of Nichols and Alford.

There is a certain personal appeal about the pioneer pottery of America. No collector will claim that it is a work of art, although certain types have pleasing forms and colors. It is a monument to the ingenuity of the native craftsmen who took the material at hand and developed it for the use of the women in their homes. To the collector who values the homely crafts of early days it has a value that far exceeds beauty.

Chapter VII

JUST JARS AND JUGS

LOVE ON AN OLD WILLOW PLATE

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

He was a lover of humble kin,
And looked on the daughter of a mandarin,
(That's Chang, on the bridge, by the willow tree,
Between the parent and Koong Shee).

But when did the course of love run smooth?
A mandarin's wrath is hard to soothe.
So he locked his child—oh, cruel fate!
In a quaint little prison (to the left of the plate).

And every night to the bridge he stole,
Did mournful Chang, and sighed his soul.
"I never can clasp thee more," said he.
"Oh, I don't know," said Koong Shee.

"But the bolts and the bars and the wild sea waves!
A dragon, no doubt, in the wild sea caves!
I never could climb that willow tree!"
"Oh, well, good night!" said Koong Shee.

But he did, of course, as lovers do,
And made a ladder of his trusty queue.
"My star! My moon! My sun!" quoth he.
"Don't drop the jewels," said Koong Shee.

So they sailed and sailed full many a day,
To a neat little house on the edge of the bay,
(A bit to the north. You can see it float,
Just half an inch from the top of the boat.)

But alas and alack! Oh, piteous woe!
They had quite forgotten her ancient beau,
Who slinks to their nest with looks of ire.
(The picture was taken before the fire.)

Oh, what is death, if love be true?
Away on the wings of the dove they flew,
(To the top of the plate. They are plain to see,
Just one size smaller than the willow tree.)

New York *Sun*.

JUST JARS AND JUGS

A stone jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives tonight!
McMurrough is at home!

Hovey.

Did you ever stop to think of the amount of historical interest surrounding a stoneware jug or an earthen jar? Once upon a time—when I was a little girl—my mother owned a gray jug which she admired for its graceful, curving lines. That was the day when one woman out of ten collected pitchers and I often wondered why someone did not start collecting jugs. My ideas on the subject were hazy, for I had not then heard of antiquarians who prize the jugs fashioned by the famous potters of Germany and England.

To the collector with a vivid imagination, pottery has a vital appeal. If you are such a person, you will recall the fact that the making of pottery is an old, old art—older by far than written history! You will remember that both the jar and the jug were early forms of pottery—and suddenly they are rich with the memories of the past!

Is it my New England upbringing, I wonder—for as a child I listened by the hour as my grandmother read the words of glowing color and eastern imagery from the Old Testament—that makes me so often bring to mind the verses from it and the scenes of ancient Hebrew history? When I say "kiln," I picture the

building of the Tower of Babel whose top was to reach unto Heaven! This reference in the third verse of the eleventh chapter of Genesis is the first record of pottery.

"And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick and burn them thoroughly."

But if the Hebrew writings contain the first allusions to the manufacture of pottery, the early Egyptians have the honor of first making it. Egyptian water-jars and wine-jugs have been preserved. It was usual for the bodies of these jugs to be made of cream clay, and the red and black decorations were designs of the symbols of Egypt and of the characteristic, profile-face drawings of the human figure.

Are you familiar with "Pottery and Porcelain," written by William C. Prime, and published in 1878? It is a fascinating book, assembled by a man who sincerely loved the beautiful and collected examples of it in various forms. For me the book has a personal appeal, since it was written at Lonesome Lake Cabin in the Franconia Range of the White Mountains, a region with which I am wholly familiar. Lonesome Lake can be reached only on foot or on horseback. An ideal spot in which to write! And, after busy hours of mental work, a lovely lake, stocked with trout waiting to be caught! The head of our family, no mean fisherman himself, remembers Dr. Prime as his boyish ideal in the art of Izaak Walton. "I Go A-Fishin,'" written in the splendid, full sentences of the Victorian Period, is a book full of joy for the lover of the out-of-doors. And this reminds me of something delightful! An eighteen year old lad told me that he collected Dr. Prime's books, added photographs of the Franconia region, and had them rebound.

Dated 1705

Dated 1714

STAFFORDSHIRE POSSET-POTS
Metropolitan Museum of Art

I know that I am wandering far from the subject of jars and jugs! My excuse is that Dr. Prime has written so entertainingly of one of the subjects in which I am interested and has summed up the art of making pottery so ably in the introduction of "Pottery and Porcelain." May I quote from it, as it gives exactly the impression I wish to convey?

"Pottery is the oldest, the longest, the most widely diffused of human arts. . . . It is its own historian. . . . Every people, civilized and barbarian, has practiced the art in one or another form. The first fire that was kindled on clay soil baked the clay, and would naturally suggest to the builder of the fire that he could thus convert a soft and easily moulded substance into a hard and permanent article of use. So it is not strange that savage tribes have made pottery. Accident might color the surface, and from such accidents it was an easy step to the use of various colored clays and pigments, and thus to systematic decoration. . . . Whenever trade was established, and men made pottery for sale or barter, the forms and decorations would be such as were most likely to be acceptable to the people expected to purchase. Thus prevalent styles would be indications of public taste; and the work of the potter being permanent, the baked wares endured for ages without change, the ceramic art takes precedence of the others as the index of the human character in various ages and countries." *

The demand for a piece of pottery caused its birth. The water-jar was created to fill a definite need in lands lacking abundant water and the wine-jug grew from the conception of an idea for a vessel to hold the common beverage of eastern countries. In the days of splendid

* "Pottery and Porcelain" by William C. Prime, pp. 17-18.

feasting in ancient Greece, wines were dipped out in jugs called *oinochoe*. They were carried around the room by pages who poured the fragrant drinks into the guests' wine-cups. Far more beautiful were the *oinochoe* than the common *prochoos*, the jugs used for holding the liquids of everyday fare!

Mentally to leap across the centuries from the pottery of Greece to that made by the German potters requires a nimble mind, but it is in their work and that of the English craftsmen that we are especially interested. So I ask you to take the jump and to imagine yourself examining a piece of the beautiful stonewares, made of heavily baked clays and sand glazed with salt, which came from the hands of the German potters, or artists, as we might call them. For the stoneware made along the Rhine and in Holland was, in many cases, a true development of an art. There are many different forms and the jug is one of them. We hear frequently of human interest. Surely one type of these jugs has it to the *n*th degree. This was popularly called "The Graybeard" because the bearded head of a man appeared on the jug at the lid where the liquid was poured. Graybeards were imported from Germany to England and were copied by the Dutch craftsmen who had settled there. The jugs eventually became a rather common form of English pottery. Graybeards varied in size from the largest which were about fifteen inches high to the smallest, six inches in height. They always had the bearded faces, but they might, too, be orna-

BELLARMINE JUG
Essex Institute

mented with coats-of-arms, popular mottoes, bands, medallions, and relief decorations. It may be that you know this jug by the name of "Bellarmine" rather than "Graybeard." It acquired its new name in England during the reign of King James I, and was given as a form of ridicule of Cardinal Bellarmine.

More ornamental jugs than the graybeards were made of this fine stoneware by the German potters.

Dr. Prime says, "Cans or mugs were made covered with ornamentation in relief, or impressed so as to produce reliefs in arabesques, sometimes enclosing figures, in beautiful bead and scroll work; apostle mugs, a low, large mug, with the apostles in niches surrounding it; flat circular bottles; jugs in rings, and in double rings, one at right angles with the other; in short, an endless variety of forms all more or less beautifully ornamented on the surface."*

There were numerous ancient potteries in England. Crude jugs fashioned by hand and decorated with incised bands were produced by the Saxons, and the Normans made useful pottery vessels which were sometimes glazed with green and yellow. One jug of the Norman period was covered with yellow glaze and decorated with the picture of a crude horse.

The earthenware of the Middle Ages was crude and common in quality. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries glazed green and yellow jugs were fashioned and were moulded frequently in the shapes of animals.

An awakening in any form of art always brings something vital into its history. With the close of the sixteenth century, a new incentive came to the art of English pottery-making, for Dutch craftsmen began

* "Pottery and Porcelain" by William C. Prime, p. 227.

to settle in England. The collector of jugs will notice that in 1626 two Dutchmen received an English patent for manufacturing stone jars and jugs of Cologne ware.

It is obvious that in order to make pottery one must have clay. There was abundant clay in Staffordshire, so there settled potters who found it exactly the thing to use in making that coarse pottery which later developed into the wares displayed in the corner cupboards of America. In the seventeenth century the Staffordshire potters began the manufacture of the first of the blue and white pottery resembling the Delft types. The shade of blue was that which we now know as *Delft Blue.* As for jugs—during the last part of the century, dated jugs of enameled pottery, embellished with the words, "Sack and Claret," appeared.

Jars must have been indeed important pieces of pottery, for laws were passed concerning them. Coarse pottery jars for holding butter were sold in English markets. Evidently they did not always contain the desired weight of merchandise, for, in 1661, Parliament passed an act saying that each jar must hold fourteen pounds of butter. Besides regulating the size, it also ordered that the materials employed in the manufacture of the jar be so hard that the moisture absorbed should not increase its own weight of six pounds.

Christmas was a long period of merry-making, jollity, and often uncouth fun and brawling and lasted until Twelfth Night or the fifth of January. The Colonial planters of the south followed the good old customs of "Merrie England," but the settlers of Massachusetts had no love for the frivolities of Christmas. "The very name smacked to them of incense, stole, and monkish jargon," says Alice Morse Earle. She adds that in old Narragansett, settled by Episcopalians, the

two weeks before Christmas were full of visiting and feasting, and that for many years previous to the Revolution both planters and slaves entered into the holidays with zest.*

To add good cheer to the merry-making of English Christmases, posset was drunk on Christmas Eve. It was made of hot ale combined with spices and sugar, and bits of oatcake and bread were added. A covered jar, or posset-pot, had the honor of containing the fearful mixture, and this dish was handed down in the family from one generation to another. The posset was taken with a spoon, and lucky, indeed, was the fortunate youth or maiden who drew out the lucky coin or the wedding-ring which had been dropped in the posset-pot!

The American colonists had their own concoctions, adapted from those of their ancestors. "The English settlers who peopled our colonies were a beer-drinking and ale-drinking race," Mrs. Earle assures us. "As Shakespeare says they were 'potent in potting.'"

Judge Sewell's diary refers to sack-posset along with other drinks. It had the ale foundation combined with sack. It was thickened with eggs and cream. Sugar, nutmeg, and mace were added and the mixture was boiled for hours.

But this is straying from Staffordshire and its posset-pots and jugs. Let us return. So I now ask you if you have ever seen a puzzle-jug? It was a type made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and well does it deserve its name! This is the secret of the puzzle-jug, it empties its contents by a secret passage. "There were generally three spouts from the rim," Dr. Prime tells

* "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" by Alice Morse Earle, p. 215.

us, "the handles and the rim being hollow. If the drinker covered two of the spouts with his fingers, he could drink with safety."

These quaint mottoes are listed in "Pottery and Porcelain."

"From mother-earth i took my birth,
Then formd a Jug by Man,
And now stand here, filled with good cheer:
Taste of me if you can."

The second is an invitation to the merry gentlemen of those days of great eating and hard drinking.

"Here, gentlemen, come try, yr skill,
I'll hold a wager, if you will,
That you don't drink this liqr all
Without you spill or lett some fall."

The third is brief and to the point.

"The ale is good, taste."

That part of Staffordshire known as the "Potteries" included a district of towns adjoining each other for a number of miles. The first articles made were butter-jars and tygs—large drinking-cups with handles of such size that three or four people drank from one cup. From this humble beginning were built up the famous potteries which produced such quantities of wares for the American trade during the early part of the nineteenth century.

Brown-ware jugs, with hunting scenes in relief, were made at Fulkam. Sometimes these jugs were decorated with grotesque figures of monkeys, and it is interesting for the collector of the products of Vermont potteries

to note that a hound-handled pitcher was turned out at Fulkam.

From the middle of the eighteenth century until the beginning of the nineteenth, brown jugs and puzzle-jugs were manufactured at Nottingham. "Nottingham Ware" had a slight metallic lustre, was very hard, and was salt-glazed.

There is an interesting tradition concerning the discovery of salt-glaze. It is said that about the year 1680 a servant girl was preparing brine to cure pork. She poured it in an earthen jar and, placing it over the fire, went away and left it. During her absence the liquid boiled over, and the pot became red hot. The sides of the jar were glazed with the concoction. This accident led to the adoption of the use of salt-glaze over brown wares and was used in the Staffordshire potteries.

No story of this kind could be complete without a reference to the popular and jolly Toby Jugs. There are some writers who claim that the rotund figure portrayed on the "Tobys" represented our own Benjamin Franklin. True it is that no American of his day was better known on the Continent and in England than "Poor Richard." Other authorities claim that the hearty figure was that of "my Uncle Toby," dear to the many readers of Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." There were various types of Toby Jugs, for all the Staffordshire potters took a hand at making them. They were imported to America and at once became extremely popular. "Toby" wore a cocked hat whose front point formed the mouth of the jug. Frequently he held a long-stemmed pipe in one hand and a mug in the other. Sometimes the goodnatured creature was seated in a chair, at others only his head and bust formed the jug. Toby Jugs were decorated in realistic colors and were

most enticing. So get out your copy of "Tristram Shandy" and re-read the descriptions of Uncle Toby, but do not expect to saunter into the nearest antique shop to buy a genuine Toby Jug, for they are hard to find.

Jugs decorated with printed pictures—one of the best known is the King of Prussia in full armor—and jugs lavish with the rich designs and colorings characteristic of this type of pottery were made by the Worcester Porcelain Company. One specimen of Bow porcelain is a cream-jug, supported on the backs of bovine creatures, and bearing on the front a realistic bee in full relief!

So I might write on, telling of the jars and jugs of America, but I shall stop here in Old England in the days of good cheer and open-handed hospitality which Washington Irving described as "breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness and thawing every heart into a flow."

TOBY JUGS FOR BEER

Courtesy of The Essex Institute Museum

Chapter VIII
WHY WEDGWOOD?

THE URN AND THE SWORD

BY FELICIA HEMANS

They sought for the treasures in the tomb
Where gentler hands were wont to spread
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.

They scattered far the greensward heap,
Where once those hands with bright wine poured,
What found they in the home of sleep?
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword.

An urn, which held the dust of one
Who died when hearths and shrines were free;
A sword, whose work was proudly done
Between the mountains and the sea.

WHY WEDGWOOD?

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought
With forest-branches and the trodden wood.

Keats.

THERE are two reasons why I am including the wares of Wedgwood in this book. The first is because the lovely pieces were imported to America and are now highly valued by the discriminating collector who admires all beauty in art; the second reason is that the story of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, the greatest of English potters, is that of a man who, by the force of his personality and his vivid interest in his chosen craft, overcame weakness and physical handicaps, and produced the pottery that in material, color, and design, as well as craftsmanship is the pride of his native country. His story is well worth being told over and over again.

No one can collect Wedgwood, or even admire it, without being tremendously interested in the genius who created it. Josiah Wedgwood came from a race of men who loved the potter's wheel. He was born in Burslem in 1730 and was the youngest of the thirteen children of Thomas Wedgwood, a potter and the descendent of potters.

As a child, Josiah Wedgwood underwent a number of misfortunes. He left school at the age of nine years, for one thing, and, when he was eleven years old, he had a severe attack of small-pox which so undermined his health that later it was necessary to amputate one of his legs!

He was just a lad when he was apprenticed to his

brother Thomas, and, after five years of learning his trade, he worked for this elder brother who had inherited his father's business.

It was in 1752 that Josiah Wedgwood started in the craft of pottery-making for himself. He established a humble place to carry on his work at Stoke, where he manufactured knife-handles, earthenware, and agate and tortoise-shell novelties. He formed a partnership with John Harrison, but the most important thing that happened to him during this period was his alliance with Thomas Whieldon, the greatest potter of his day. The firm added "cauliflower" and "melon" wares to the products which Wedgwood was promoting. It was at this time, also, that he invented his rich glaze for dishes designed in fruit and leaf patterns.

It was in the "Churchyard Works" in Burslem where he had learned his trade that he first began to lay his claim to fame. Here he took into partnership a man of great artistic tastes, Thomas Bentley, and added to the rich store of experience brought by his colleague, Wedgwood was fitting himself for his future artistic triumphs by study and experimentation. For the potter had a great aim—that of producing the useful and the beautiful in pottery as it had never been known before.

His own words to Bentley bring his aspirations vividly before us. "Let us make all the good, fine, and new things we can, and so far from being afraid of other people getting our patterns, we should glory in it, and throw out all the hints we can, and, if possible, have all the artists in Europe working after our models."

There was nothing paltry in his outlook on life. He was willing that other craftsmen should benefit by his appreciation of the beautiful. Yet he was a shrewd busi-

WEDGWOOD VASES
By Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

ness man, as well as an artist. It was the combination of the two qualities that allowed no imperfect object to leave his factory.

"This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood," he often said, as he lifted his walking-stick to demolish some bit of pottery which did not please him.

In 1769 he opened his large works at Etruria and there began his first real prosperity. We learn that the first pottery produced was a set of half-dozen vases made with Wedgwood working at the potter's bench and Bentley at the wheel. The decoration was "Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides," and it was the beginning of the use of the classic forms which later interested him as he studied Sir William Hamilton's "Antiquities." While at Etruria Wedgwood engaged the services of John Flaxman, the most famous of all his designers.

In 1790 the great potter took his three sons and his nephew into the partnership, and the firm was called, "Josiah Wedgwood, Sons, and Byerley." Five years later, at the age of sixty-five, the master died, leaving, it is said, "a well-earned fortune of more than one half million." But the Wedgwood firm continued its work, and it is a matter of interest to Americans that during the administration of President Roosevelt it made the thousand-piece service of china for use on state occasions at the White House.

Wedgwood's wares are so much a part of his life that in talking of them we are really telling his most intimate biography. The plates and dishes of tortoise-shell made during his first venture in business were simply attempts to excel other potters who were working in the surrounding towns. This pottery resembled marble more than tortoise-shell, and was colored with

brown and yellow glaze in which other colors were seen. However, these wares do not even bear Wedgwood's name and are known to collectors simply as "Whieldon Tortoise-Shell Ware."

To improve upon the products manufactured by his contemporaries seems to have been one of Josiah Wedgwood's hobbies. Long before his time cream-colored ware was made in England, but he improved the glaze, color, and form, and developed the tones from pale cream to deep straw, saffron, and sulphur yellow. The first articles were undecorated, but after a time colored lines, flowers, fruits, vines, and shells were painted on them by hand. But the great beauty lay in the exquisite borders in monochrome, and in the perfection of form that made even the undecorated pieces so charming.

In 1762 Wedgwood presented a breakfast service of cream-ware to Queen Charlotte. She was so delighted with it that she ordered a complete table service. This was the beginning of the potter's financial success. The name of "Queen's Ware", as it was then called, was given to the type upon which the great lady set her stamp of approval, and orders for breakfast and dinner services came in from wealthy people all over the country.

I must not forget to speak about "Pebble Ware." The names given by their creator to this type are delightful. In a letter to Mr. Bentley he said, "Suppose we call those barely sprinkled with blue, and ornaments gilt, Granite; when veined with black, Veined Granite; with gold, Lapis Lazuli; with colors and veined, Variegated Pebble; those with colors and veined without any blue sprinkling, Egyptian Pebble."

From this ware, which has been classified as "terra-

cotta" by some collectors, were made vases, candlesticks, flower-pots, plates, and other objects.

In a crude form, black ware had been produced in Staffordshire, but Wedgwood experimented with it and developed from it the so-called "Black Basalt," or "Egyptian Black Ware." It was seen in vases, busts, table services, seals, medallions, bas-reliefs, and plaques. It was characterized by its velvety black color, its extreme hardness, its fine grain, and its perfect texture.

Improving, expanding—the keynote of Josiah Wedgwood's life work! Perhaps one of the greatest tributes ever given him is from the pen of Harry Barnard, who says, "He was a discoverer; he made good as he went along, leaving a clear road for others to follow; his aim was always to leave things better than he found them and to make better pottery than had been made before; to raise the standard of living, of education; to place the district in which he lived and worked in communication with the rest of the world, so that the improved product could bring wealth and prosperity to the community."*

"But the greatest of Wedgwood's improvements was the invention of the pastes commonly called "Jasperware," says Dr. Prime. "This was the subject of much study and labor with him, and the composition varied from time to time."

It was made in seven colors—blue, lilac, pink, sage-green, olive-green, black, and a very rare yellow. This is the way Wedgwood himself describes it. "Jasper, a white-porcelain bisque of exquisite beauty and delicacy, possessing the general qualities of the basaltes, together with that of receiving colors through its whole sub-

* "Chats on Wedgwood Ware" by Harry Barnard, p. 40.

stance in a manner which no other body, ancient or modern, has been known to do. This renders it particularly fit for cameos, portraits, and all subjects in basreliefs, as the ground may be made of any color throughout and the raised flowers in pure white."

The period between 1780 and 1790 has often been called the golden age of Wedgwood's work. Many new patterns were designed and the attention to workman-

WEDGWOOD CUP AND SAUCER
Metropolitan Museum of Art

ship was of the highest order. All the craftsmen of this period were turning to the classics for their inspiration, and Wedgwood's designers, including Flaxman, followed their example. The blue, white, and sea-green jasper "body" was perfected in the years between 1769 and 1780, and Flaxman modelled his "Muses" in 1777. All this was preparatory to the greatest epoch in the artistic life of Wedgwood.

Jasper cameos were especially liked and were sold on steel and gold mountings, or unset, for buttons, seals, lockets, or inlaid furniture. Plaques of famous personages, including two hundred and fifty-three heads of the popes, and a series of the kings of England and of

France were popular. They ranged in size from less than an inch to twenty-seven inches in diameter.

Cabinets were filled with the wares of Wedgwood. His vases were sought for their beauty of line and decoration as well as the fineness of the ware.

I must not omit the history of the "Portland Vase" from this story, for it is both romantic and interesting. The original was discovered in a tomb three miles from Rome and was thought to be the burial urn of the Emperor Alexander Severus. For over a century it was kept in the library of the Barberini Palace in Rome. At first it was believed to be made of stone and ranked as a gem of high value. Years afterwards it was found to be glass with a dark blue (almost black) ground and designs cut from a layer of opaque white glass like a cameo.

The process has been so ably described by N. Hudson Moore that I must include it with the description of the vase. "This was made by putting successive layers of glass over the original gathering, and then cutting away the outer coat from the portion which was to form the background, leaving the decoration white or whatever colour was selected."*

After a time the Barberini collection was sold and the vase, having passed hands twice, became the property of the Duchess of Portland. When she died, the contents of her museum were sold, and, after much bidding at the auction, the beautiful object was purchased by the son of the late Duchess for one thousand and twenty-nine guineas. The Duke of Portland lent it to Josiah Wedgwood, and for three years the master tried in vain to reproduce a copy pleasing to him.

In 1789 he sent his first perfect copy to Dr. Erasmus

* "Old Glass: European and American" by N. Hudson Moore, p. 4.

A GROUP OF WEDGWOOD PLAQUES
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

Darwin, and in 1791 produced a fac-simile which he deemed worthy to exhibit. Some authorities say that the potter made twenty copies of the vase; others maintain that there were a few more. Naturally, the original duplicates of the treasure are almost priceless. Other copies were brought out by the firm in 1800 and modern reproductions have been put on the market by the Wedgwoods and other potters. It is said that Josiah Wedgwood's vases almost surpassed the original in beauty.

But now I must tell you more concerning the Portland Vase. It was exhibited in the British Museum, but still remained the property of the Duke of Portland. On the seventh of February, 1845, a young man who was visiting the gallery where it was displayed took up a piece of ancient sculpture and hurled it into a case containing the valuable object. Both the case and the vase were broken into bits! It was the work of a madman! He was arrested, but there seemed to be no British law to hold him for the destruction of the Duke of Portland's treasure, so he was convicted for damaging the case and fined three pounds—a travesty indeed for the havoc he had wrought! The vase was restored in such a fashion that the mending is almost imperceptible.

After the death of its founder the firm of Wedgwood still continued to make beautiful wares, but it is genuine old Wedgwood that is sought by collectors. The authentic pieces are hard to find. Some authorities tell us that other potters bearing the master's name were working in the same century, and numerous pieces stamped with the name were not made by Josiah Wedgwood. Just how to tell a genuine piece might, therefore, be somewhat difficult, unless one is an experienced

and discriminating collector. An amateur may well envy the antiquarian who can tell true Wedgwood, and his manner of doing it is a difficult process for the casual observer to understand. Like the glass collector, the Wedgwood connoisseur will speak of the "feel" when he holds in his hand a genuine piece.

The pocket-books of some of us who love beautiful objects of art may not allow us to buy genuine old Wedgwood, but we can collect reproductions of the forms and designs perfected by the great potter, just for the joy we will find in it. A study of his wares will teach us beauty of color, of form, of design, and will indicate to what perfection a craft may be raised when the craftsman is inspired by sincerity, honesty, and the true knowledge of art. Then can we say with Louis Untermeyer,

> "Open my eyes to visions girt
> With beauty, and with wonder set."

Chapter IX

STORIES OF OLD CHESTS

WOMAN'S TRIFLING NEEDS

BY MERCY WARREN

1790

An inventory clear
Of all she needs Lamira offers here;
Nor does she fear a rigid Cato's frown
When she lays by the rich embroidered gown,
And modestly compounds for just enough—
Perhaps, some dozens of more flighty stuff;
With lawns and lustrings, blond, and Mechlin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
Gay cloaks, and hats of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes;
With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour,
Tippets and handkerchiefs, at least three score;
With finest muslins that fair India boasts,
And the choice herbage from Chinesan coasts;
(But while the fragrant hyson leaf regales,
Who'll wear the homespun produce of the vales?
For if 'twould save the nation from the curse
Of standing troops; or—name a plague still worse—
Few can this choice, delicious draught give up,
Though all Medea's poisons fill the cup.)
Add feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
And head-dresses in pyramidical shapes;
Sideboards of plate and porcelain profuse,
With fifty dittos that the ladies use;
If my poor treach'rous memory has missed,
Ingenious T-I shall complete the list.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse?—they're but the sex's due.

In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
Taught us the threatenings of an Hebrew sage
'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping pins;
But rank not these among our modern sins;
For when our manners are well understood,
What in the scale is stomacher or hood?

'Tis true, we love the courtly mien and air,
The pride of dress and all the debonair;
Yet Clara quits the more dressed negligee,
And substitutes the careless Polanee;
Until some fair one from Britannia's court,
Some jaunty dress or newer taste import;
This sweet temptation could not be withstood,
Though for the purchase paid her father's blood.

. . . . . .

Can the stern patriot Clara's suit deny?
'Tis Beauty asks, and Reason must comply.

STORIES OF OLD CHESTS

In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress chests, my arms, counterpoints, costly apparel, tents and canopies . . .

Shakespeare.

Under the eaves, up in my grandmother's attic, were three old chests. They were wedged in between a barrel of butternuts, the hooded cradle in which were rocked the children of the family, and another barrel, crammed with the musty leaves of illustrated journals. Two were blanket-chests, containing cast-off clothing in which we "dressed-up" on rainy days. Later on I learned the other chest was of the type known as "Queen Anne." I glowed with the romance of the past as I pulled from one of its drawers a sandalwood fan. The flat lid served, too, as a fine house upon which I could arrange the dolls' feather furniture made by my aunt from the barred feathers of the Plymouth Rock hens fastened with pins.

Similar chests were common in every old New England family. In them were stored the extra supplies of bedding. In describing the ancient attic in "The Oldest House in One of the Oldest Towns" of New Hampshire, Helen A. Parker says, "There is also a cunning cool bedroom off the 'long room' that I have not mentioned, several chambers upstairs besides the 'Daniel Webster room,' and a large attic full of spinning wheels and reels, more furniture, old chests filled with bedquilts and blankets of home manufacture, candlesticks, moulds and snuffers, and the cradle that seven generations of the family have had the honor to be rocked in."

When the Puritan housewife first collected her cherished possessions to follow her lord and master on the exodus terminating on the bleak seaboard of a new world, the chest was essential to her own comfort and that of her family. In its depths she stored the extra clothing, the "fleishen" sheets, and the prized bits of glowing damasks and rich brocades that furnished the meagre spots of color and beauty in her busy life. Almost every emigrant to America brought at least one. Alice Morse Earle refers to a certain Jane Humphreys who named in her will "my little chest, my smaller small box, my biggest smallbox. . . . And she needed them all to hold her finery." * In the inventory of Rev. Phineas Stevens, the first minister in the town of Boscawen, New Hampshire, two chests, valued at one pound, are listed with the swivel gun, the pewter, warming-pans, a pair of hand-bellows, the iron chaffing-dish, the mortar pestel, and other outfittings of the home of the period.†

The authors of "The American Renaissance" say that the chest, without doubt, was the most important article of furniture in colonial homes. They continue, "The early colonists, especially those living far back from the Atlantic seaboard, were, of necessity, always on the alert for possible attacks by hostile Indian tribes, and in a hurried abandonment of their homes, the chest was pressed into use to carry the most valuable belongings where other pieces of furniture could not be moved." ‡

Let me tell you the story of a chest which played a part in a community mystery. A certain Massachusetts town was once greatly bothered over the loss of

* "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" by Alice Morse Earle, p. 117.

† "Boscawen and Webster," p. 73.

‡ "The American Renaissance" by Dillaway and Whiton, pp. 85-86.

some of its records. It was at a period when papers were not carefully preserved, and so no one was actually blamed for their being missed. Yet the townspeople were much troubled, for, unless the papers were discovered, a considerable amount of money must be paid, and the older men said that the bill was already settled. But there was no way of proving it. The final accounting was delayed as long as possible by all kinds of legal technicalities, and a special town-meeting, with a warrant for raising the necessary sum, was about to be held. Just at this time, a young farmer decided to change over the arrangement of his barn. During the reconstruction, he moved a large old chest which he was then using for holding grain. One end loosened and he saw that there had been a secret section the heighth and width of the chest with a panel movable only when the chest was empty. Then the fingers could be slipped under the panel to raise it. And here the missing documents were found! The explanation was simple—the farmer's father had for years been selectman, treasurer, and who knows what not of the town! He preserved the papers, although it was not the town custom, but never mentioned where he kept them since he feared his neighbors might call him an old "fussbudget" for doing so.

But the stories of old chests reach farther back—into those years which we are in habit of calling the Dark Ages. The lonely castle of the times was perched high on rocks which helped in its fortification. When the lord departed on a raid, he dared not be separated from articles whose loss he could replace only with great difficulty. So, for many years, a noble never made a journey without carrying his household treasures in huge

chests which, in England, were called standards, and, in France, *bahuts*. As life became more settled and permanent homes were established, chests grew to mammoth sizes and held the plate and the mighty hangings.

This story related by Larousse concerning Fredegonde the rival of Brunhilda, gives some idea of the size and the weight of mediaeval chests. Fredegonde's daughter, Regonthe taunted her mother with the fact that she kept for herself all the jewels of the girl's father, King Chilperic. Thereupon Fredegonde threw up the lid of the coffer and began dragging out the great necklaces, the collars of pearls, the chains, and the girdles. "It tires me," she said. "Put in your hand and take what you will!" But no sooner did Regonthe lean far within than her mother threw down the lid pressing on it with all her might, so that the girl would presently have lost her head but for the attendants, who ran, at her screams, and rescued her.

In his pictures of life in France in the thirteenth century, William Stearns Davis tells us that bureaus and chests of drawers do not exist in this age. "Indeed, no bedroom is fitted properly unless it has a solid chest at the foot of the bed for a prompt reception of any guest's belongings." He says, "When a castle is taken, the cry, 'Break open the chests' is equivalent to calling to the victors, 'Scatter and pillage!' " *

Oak was the wood frequently used for the carved standards and *bahuts*. The sturdy oak was especially dear to the hearts of all Englishmen. Shakespeare called it, "the unwedgeable and gnarled oak," and Dryden sang,

* "Life On a Mediaeval Barony" by William Stearns Davis, p. 38.

"The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

The decorations on these old oaken chests were beautiful and characteristic of the period when they were made. Some were carved with panels of tracery, and the designs followed the architecture of the Gothic period and centered about the art of the cathedrals. Semicircular chests, ornamented with elaborate locks and iron hinges, were frequently used for storing church vestments.

Cypress was another wood popular for making chests. Those of southern Europe were exceedingly elaborate, and were adorned with Gothic fretwork, richly gilded and painted in vivid hues of green, vermilion, and chocolate brown. Methods of carrying off smoke in mediaeval houses were not adequate, and, since all articles became exceedingly dirty, painting was a practical method of renovation.

The characteristic art of the Renaissance was expressed in the decorations of the furniture, so the outlines of palaces and temples appeared on chest panelings. Carved ivory and giltwoods, marquetry, and veneering with thin wood, ornaments of brass and tortoise-shell, and inlays of agate, lapis lazuli and pebbles embellished them. Walnut had come into use for cabinet work and from it massive and magnificent coffers were made. Chests had now acquired short legs, and the carvings represented fanciful human figures, grotesque masques, and intricate scrolls.

The chests of England, of course, served as the models for our own colonial chests. In the Jacobean,

NEW ENGLAND OAK CHEST, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
Owned by Henry W. Waters
Now in the Essex Institute Museum

or, to be exact, the period of the early Stuarts, furniture was stout and simple in line, but somewhat over-ornamented. Chests were paneled with pieces of wood, carved in heavy relief. Designs were made to stand out by "gouging out" the background, or by the sharply cut "scratch carving." Many of the chests carried to America were plain or paneled, though carved chests were seen, too.

Chests bore a variety of names. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, we hear of a housekeeper who bequeathed "her best spruce chest, her coffer in the old chamber, her curiously carven chest of wainscot, and her cypress coffer for keeping linen clothing." A press held bedding and heavy articles of clothing. The coffer was a strongly

made chest for the safe-guarding of valuables, while the smaller caskets of ivory or ebony, with carvings in relief, were to hold the personal ornaments of the owner. Hutches usually had doors opening in front: one ancient document refers to "my little hutch, one broad hutch that standeth in my chamber, and the great hutch in the hall."

In the colonies the oaken chest was copied in pine. Alice Morse Earle names many varieties. She speaks of "joined chests, wainscot chests, board chests, spruce chests, oak chests, carved chests, chests with one or two drawers and cypress chests."

"Joined and wainscot chests were framed with panels distinguished clearly from the board chests made of plain boards. The latter were often called plain chests, the former panel chests. Carved chests were much rarer," she explains. Then she adds, "Chests were also painted, usually on the parts in relief on the carving, the colors being generally black and red." *

As time passed, the chest changed its form still more. A drawer or two was added to the bottom, but the hinged lid still remained. One by one, drawers were added, and eventually the hinged lid disappeared. By the eighteenth century, the chest of drawers had appeared.

In the reign of William and Mary, the chest of drawers, often beautifully ornamented with marquetry, had become an important piece of furniture in my lady's dressing-room. Now appeared the chest of drawers, fashioned from walnut or lesser woods, placed upon a frame with four legs in the front and two in the back, and known by the descriptive name of "tall-boy." Both

* "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," Alice Morse Earle, p. 116.

of the monarchs were interested in the craft of furniture making, and, as they were permeated with the Dutch traditions, the favored styles of the Flemish artisans

WILLIAM AND MARY HIGHBOY, PENNSYLVANIA
By Courtesy of Essex Institute

influenced the crafts of the period. At the very end of the reign the cabriole leg appeared, and, in Queen Anne's time, four of them superseded the six turned legs of the tall-boy.

The highboy, as it was called in the colonies, was an

imposing piece of furniture, and was one of the important articles in well-to-do families. Not only one, but several, were found in many homes, and they were considered handsome enough to be used as drawing-room furniture. The American cabinet-makers, especially those of Philadelphia, copied and elaborated the English models. Hooded tops followed the flat ones of the earlier highboys. At first they were finished with simple mouldings, but toward the latter part of the eighteenth century, mouldings grew heavier and rose into curves. The famous "broken arch" came into being and was used on all the finest pieces. At the ends of the cornice were placed the brass "finials" which, if they are still in place today, add value to the highboy. One unusually beautiful highboy, made in Philadelphia, stands eight feet high, has a straight top, and four curved legs of the claw-foot variety. Walnut was abundant in Pennsylvania, so this highboy, like many pieces of furniture produced by Philadelphia craftsmen, was constructed from it. Maple was well liked by the New England cabinet-makers, and a certain highboy which came from an old house in New Hampshire is made of this wood. It has a hooded top, carved fans on the pediment and lower drawer, and four legs of the Queen Anne Period. Shells were frequently carved on highboys and were applied to the knees of cabriole legs and to the drawers.

The "Queen Anne Chest" is frequently found in old homesteads. It has a lid and one or two drawers and may be supported by either bracket-shaped or bun feet.

High and low chests of drawers with both shaped and straight fronts were made in the days when the great Thomas Chippendale was the master-craftsman of England, and Hepplewhite designed single chests of

drawers having either straight or serpentine fronts for dressing-stands. Chests of drawers were made by Sheraton and were, in a way, the ancestors of the modern

HEPPLEWHITE INLAID MAHOGANY BOW-FRONT CHEST-OF-DRAWERS, PEWTER CANDLESTICKS, CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY MIRROR

By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

bureau. The bureau, however, really originated in the Empire Period, and the name first meant a writing-desk. Its new application came from the fact that in a chest of drawers, combined with a mirror and used

PENNSYLVANIA PAINTED CHEST
By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

QUEEN ANNE CHEST
The Essex Institute

as a dressing-table, was placed a drawer serving the purposes of a desk.

I must not forget to mention the large painted boxes and bride-chests made by the Pennsylvania Germans from ideas brought by their fathers from Germany. Like those used on the sgraffito pottery, the decorations were flowers, featuring the characteristic tulip and fuschia, set fruit designs, and paintings of birds.

"The other day I was taking a walk," a woman wrote me recently, "and on the sidewalk in front of a junk shop was one of the Pennsylvania German painted chests made in 1781. It was a real find, and of course I bought it. It was lovely!"

Chapter X

CONCERNING OLD CLOCKS

TO TIME

BY SUSANNA ROWSON

1762-1824

Old Time, thou'rt a sluggard; how long dost thou stay;
Say, where are the wings with which poets adorn thee?
Sure, 'twas some happy being, who ne'er was away
From the friend he most loved, and who wished to have shorn thee,
First drew thee with pinions; for had he e'er known
A long separation, so slow dost thou move,
He'd have pictured thee lame, and with fetters bound down;
So tedious is absence to friendship and love.

I am sure thou'rt a cheat, for I often have woo'd thee
To tarry, when blest with the friend of my heart:
But you vanished with speed, though I eager pursued thee,
Entreating thee not in such haste to depart.
Then, wretch, thou wast deaf nor would'st hear my petition,
But borrowed the wings of a sparrow or dove;
And now, when I wish thee to take thy dismission
Till those hours shall return, thou refusest to move.

CONCERNING OLD CLOCKS

Now with a grave unmeaning face,
You still repeat the tale,
High towering in your somber case,
Designed by Chippendale;
Without regret for what is gone,
You bid old customs change,
As year by year you travel on
To scenes and voices strange.

Cochrane.

Of all the outfittings in the home there is surely none more dear to the household than the family clock. The modern time-piece has ticked its way down from those far-away days when the only method of telling time was by the sun, or, at a later date, by means of the hourglass and sundial. An old clock which has been in a family for generations seems almost human. One of them is preserved in an old New Hampshire farmhouse, and the clock repairer who has kept it in order for many years says, ". . . seven generations have come since the old clock first ticked off the passing of time. Five of the seven generations have passed on; how many more will come and go, before the old clock stops, never to go again, is a question none can answer, but we do know the old clock has lulled to sleep the babe in the cradle and then lulled the same to everlasting sleep in their old age. It has witnessed the delights of childhood, the joys of the young men and women in early married life and the sorrow of the old at their parting as they journeyed to the worlds unknown,—believing all is well, and the old clock goes 'tick-tock, tick-tock.'"*

* *Granite Monthly*, April, 1927, p. 115.

WAG-ON-THE-WALL CLOCK
BY RICHARD MANNING
IPSWICH
The Essex Institute

In its simplest terms, the clock is a timepiece composed of a collection of wheels. There are old records of the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral, put up in 1286, and of another placed in Canterbury Cathedral in 1292. It was somewhere in the vicinity of 1600 that the household clock came into use. Various descriptive names as lantern, birdcage, and bedpost clocks were applied to it. All of these types were designed for shelf or bracket and were wound by pulling down the ropes on which the weights were hung.

When speaking of old clocks, we at once think of the grandfather clock as the long-case clock was popularly called. The introduction of the pendulum into clock construction, brought about by Freemantel toward the end of the seventeenth century, made it necessary to contrive a case to contain it. Hence the change from the bracket clock and the brass chamber clock with wooden hood.

The first few clocks in the American colonies were brought from England, but, as commercial life developed, clock-makers established themselves and adver-

tised their products. Among the early names are those of James Batterson of Boston, William Davis, and John Ent. Their wares included bracket clocks and "wag-on-the-walls." Later, the grandfather clock, like the Windsor chair, became an American institution, and no home of any degree of affluence was considered furnished unless it contained one of these long-case timepieces. Alice Morse Earle tells us that the first mention in New England records of a clock is in Lechford's note-book, and that he states that in 1628 Joseph Stratton had of his brother a clock and a watch. Joseph acknowledged this, but refused to pay for them and was sued in payment.*

About the year 1720 mahogany came into use in England and clock cases of the better kinds were made from it and from walnut. In many cases inlay was a form of decoration much in vogue, and, when the trade with the Orient brought the influence of the East into the realms of European craftswork, Oriental lacquer was applied on clock cases as well as on furniture. Many cases for tall clocks were also made of oak. Cabinet-makers in America turned to the woods of local trees for material, and so we find that clock-makers of the early eighteenth century designed cases from maple, chestnut, pine, oak, cherry, and butternut woods.

In an old homestead on the Oxbow in Newbury, Vermont stands one of these old butternut clocks. The works were brought on horseback through the forest from Newburyport, Massachusetts, and the case was manufactured by a home cabinet-maker from the wood taken from butternut trees on the farm.

Decorations for grandfather clocks were varied, and

* "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" by Alice Morse Earle, p. 122.

generally characteristic of the period in which they were made. Columns and pilasters adorned the sides of some cases, and scrolls and brass ornamentations of different kinds surmounted them. Sometimes clock-faces were square; more often they were round. They were frequently decorated with moons and ships, engraved borders, paintings of flowers and of birds. Often different members of the clock-maker's family assisted with the decorative work, and in one case at least the daughter painted the moons on the dials of the timepieces her father constructed. Spandrels, applied at the corners were characteristic ornamentations. They often serve as a clew to the age of the clock and were fanciful and dainty in form. Angels' heads were popular, as well as two cupids holding a crown, reminding us of the days of Queen Anne.

If you are the least bit interested in clocks you already know that the inscription of the maker's name is an important mark. During the early part of the eighteenth century, makers began to inscribe their names on the dials, usually writing the Latin form and sometimes adding a Latin proverb. Sometimes two names are found on old clocks—one the name of the maker and one the name of the dealer.

Styles of figures, hands, and keyholes differed to some degree. The works were of wood or brass. The brass works ran eight days without winding, while the wooden works ran only one day. Mr. Walter E. Burtt describes one old clock made in 1765 which he kept in repair for forty years. "It has one weight and a braided rope line, to pull down when you wind up the weight. This one weight runs time and striking. The movement is made wholly of iron, and stands on four iron legs that rest on a board that goes across just above

where the bonnet or hood rests. The dial is brass, ornamented with a silver circle on which the hours are cut in, and filled with black wax. At the top of the dial is a round polished brass plate with the following engraved upon it: *Made by David Blaisdell in Amesbury* MDCCLVI." *

The History of Salisbury, New Hampshire, refers to this same David Blaisdell by stating that he was born in 1712, that his home was in Amesbury and that his son Isaac, who followed his father's trade, was a resident of Chester.

"These clocks were of brass," the old book says, "and heavily made, and run but one day without winding up. One line and one weight operated as a mainspring for both time and striking." †

Clock-making in the American colonies did not develop extensively until the eighteenth century was well under way, and the craft centered in New England. The industry was strongly indebted to Thomas Harland who organized it. Like many other clockmakers, he learned his trade in England. He came to America in the ship made famous by the Boston Tea-Party and settled in Norwich, Connecticut, where he made clocks for thirty-five years. He taught his trade to many young men, among them Eli Terry, who became a greater craftsman than his master. Terry's apprentice, Seth Thomas, was a master clock-maker, and, while they worked together, they developed a plan to turn out four thousand clocks. It was Terry's idea of using water-power that made possible the seemingly stupendous plan. Terry was a hard-headed business man as well as a fine craftsman, and he rode over the New

* *Granite Monthly*, April, 1927, p. 115.
† *History of Salisbury*, p. 414.

England countryside, carrying the works of clocks in his saddle-bags, to sell to the outlying trade. Many of these works were enclosed in cases of native woods by local cabinet workers. Terry and Thomas, Silas Hoardley, Herman Clark, and Asa Hopkins were the predecessors of the great industries now located at Waterbury, Ansonia, Terryville, and Thomaston.

MANTEL CLOCK MADE BY ATKINS CLOCK CO
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

In 1814, Terry invented the mantel clock by shortening the pendulum and making the works more compact. Mantel clocks usually had brass works and were often decorated with pilasters of polished wood and with pictures of eagles, flags, ships, scenery, and flowers painted on glass.

Clock-making in Boston antedated the industry in Connecticut by almost a generation. The most important

name connected with Massachusetts clock-making is that of the Willard family. Simon Willard was one of a family of twelve children, and of the nine boys four

GILDED BANJO CLOCK
With Eagle and Panel of an American naval battle
Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

became clock-makers. He worked in Grafton, Massachusetts, and is said to have made at least four thousand timepieces. Of him Mr. Charles Messer Stowe speaks as follows, "Of all the clock-makers in America

none has left so highly prized examples of his workmanship as Simon Willard. Authentic specimens of his work are becoming scarcer each year, and the demand is far greater than the supply. A real Simon Willard clock, whether a tall clock or a banjo, a lighthouse or shelf clock, is a treasure to find and a prize to sell."*

In 1801, he invented the banjo clock. The name, by the way, was not applied by its maker, but was given to it later because of its characteristic shape. A type of banjo clock of the period was made of plain mahogany, decorated with gilt ornaments and a painting on glass. The designers of the paintings on Willard clocks seem not to have used pictures of naval battles, landscapes, designs of the American eagle or flags, but confined themselves to festoons of flowers, a geometrical design, usually inside a border of gold leaf or color, or both, a design of crossed lines, or bands of color surrounding an open space in the center of the glass. Aaron Willard also made clocks, but they were more ornate than those designed by Simon Willard.

One of the loveliest of the banjo clocks is the "presentation" clock. Picture, if you please, a beautiful object, enameled white, and the glass covered with heavy gold designing and adorned with gold-leaf bands! The presentation clock may be of cherry or of mahogany—then the carvings are gilded.

Many small New England towns other than those where the well-known clock-makers worked produced timepieces. Just as an example let me mention the little New Hampshire village of Boscawen. Here, at one time, were two establishments for manufacturing eight-day clocks of the type showing the days of the week and the changes of the moon. The cases were usually

* *The Antiquarian*, April, 1926.

of cherry and were ornamented with brass knobs and rings.* Daniel Pratt, Sr., of Reading, Massachusetts, manufactured the wooden movement clocks that are inscribed with his name and scattered far and wide over New England.

The lighthouse clock was invented by Simon Willard. It had a glass bell over the dial and stood on a pedestal. This type, however, was not popular and few were made.

Recently a woman told me of a clock which she had admired as a child. It was made in the shape of a fat man, and she added an amusing touch to her description by saying that the clock strongly resembled the country storekeeper who owned it. Another unusual clock is described by Eliza Nelson Blair. She says, "Two windows look southerly, and a curious clock tick-tocked in the corner by Mrs. King's room. Above the dial was a dome-shaped arch, central in which, a figure of Time, clad in long red tunic over white Turkish trousers, walked barefooted through the snow, his glistening hair streaming out behind in a February gale."

I cannot close this chapter without referring to that important personage in the community life, the old-time clock-repairer. Like the country doctor, he is fast disappearing. He had his steady customers and kept the same family clocks in repair from year to year that they might tick steadily on from one generation to another.

* "Boscawen and Webster," p. 643.

Chapter XI

AN ALPHABET OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL

BY JOHN SECCOMB

1708-1792

To my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart rope,
A frying pan and kettle,
An ashes pail,
A threshing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old saucepan for butter.
. . . . . .
A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spunyarn.
. . . . . .
A chafing dish
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.
. . . . . .

AN ALPHABET OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
The painted coat that Joseph never wore!
He shows on holidays a sacred pin
That touched the ruff that touched Queen Bess' chin.
Young.

A:—*It was difficult to select A!*—I might have chosen *Adam Brothers*, Robert and James, the great English designers, who really made no furniture, but who exerted a great influence upon the styles of furniture in England and America. I thought of *acanthus*, used often in decorative work on early furniture, or *armchair*, the descendent of the throne, or *andirons*. It was a forgotten strain of music from "Wild Roved the Indian Girl, Bright Alfarata" that influenced my choice. It made me think of my grandfather, humming the song in his mellow tenor voice, as he sat on Sunday afternoons turning the pages of his Bible and the almanac. So I selected *almanac* for A. You may have the great luck to find some old almanacs, as I did, hidden in a box in the garret of a farmhouse, or you may run across an interesting example in a collection of old books. Old almanacs are fascinating to examine. Among the early almanacs published in America were "An Almanack for the Year 1639," published in the home of the first president of Harvard College, Henry Dunster, and the "Kalendarium Pennsilvanieuse," brought out in Philadelphia in 1685 by a Quaker printer, William Bradford. Cotton Mather also wrote and published an almanac in 1683. It was called "The Boston Ephemeris, An Almanack for the Year of the Christian Aera." In 1774 Elisha Stimson of Boston

brought out an almanac called "The Mathematician's Glory, Astronomy and New England Almanack." "Thomas' New England Almanack; or, the Massachusetts Calendar for 1775" was published in Dedham. "Poor Job's Almanack" was brought out by Job Shepherd of Newport, Rhode Island, and in 1728 Benjamin Franklin's brother, James, published the "Poor Robin" Almanac. The best known of all is, of course, "Poor Richard's" which Benjamin Franklin first brought out in 1732. It was published for twenty-five years.

MAPLE BANISTER-BACK CHAIR
c. 1725
Metropolitan Museum of Art

B:—*Beds*, *benches*, *bookcases*—I might have selected any one of them for B. You would have found a description of them interesting, I think, and I hope that sometime you will look up the history of the bed and its outfittings. However, I chose *Banister-Back* for B. It was a chair of the late seventeenth century, and was

made in great quantities by the American craftsmen, and became characteristic of cottage and farmhouse furniture. Native woods—maple, pine, ash, and cedar —were used in the construction of banister-back chairs. They were made in an infinite variety of designs, but all were modelled upon the idea of an open-backed chair with vertical slats. The name was given to the type, as you have no doubt guessed, from the similarity of the slats to the balusters of a stairway. Sometimes the banisters were full turned; again, one side of each was left flat, with the flat side toward the front of the chair. Some banister-back chairs had arms; others had none. The legs and rails were usually well turned, and the posts were surmounted by turned knobs of pleasing designs. It was customary for four banisters to be set between rails which were ornamented by scrolls. Rushes, flags, the barks of the elm and the bass tree were used for making the bottoms.

C IS FOR CUPBOARD, an important piece of furniture in early American homes. During the Jacobean Period in England different types were made. Some of them were brought to America and copied by local craftsmen. One interesting kind was the elaborately carved press cupboard. At first it was called a *court* or "short" cupboard and set upon a small table-like structure. Later, the table part was enclosed and the upper section had room for the display of the family treasures. Press cupboards were handsome and expensive. The corner cupboard was liked especially in the time of Queen Anne, and was beautifully decorated and ornamented. In the colonies, it was made of native woods and was simple in design and structure. It was known as a "beaufet." Some early American cupboards were chamfered and were painted red inside.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CORNER CUPBOARD, CONNECTICUT VALLEY TYPE
By Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

D:—I wish that I had time to mention the bureau-bookcases and the secretaries designed by the great Eng-

SECRETARY DESK OWNED BY JOHN ROBINSON
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

lish cabinet-makers. I must content myself, however, with just a reference to them. The *desks* of the early colonists were used to hold the precious family Bible and the prized family papers and a few books. This type was known as a *desk-box*. The name describes it. It had a cover which raised on hinges, and was sup-

ported on a table-structure with turned legs and stretchers. Desk-boxes were also known as "scrutoires" and were named in early wills. At a later period shelves were added for holding books, drawers appeared, and the form now called the "secretary" developed. The English cabinet-makers, especially Sheraton, made the secretary in mahogany. Sometimes the book-case top was omitted, and only the desk with drawers remained. An American craftsman, well-known for the desks he designed, was John Goddard of Rhode Island. Goddard desks have beautiful block fronts.

E IS FOR EASY CHAIR frequently used in bedrooms. Alice Morse Earle tells us that these chairs "were covered with the stuffs of which bed-hangings and window curtains were made such as 'Chins,' 'callico,' 'camblet,' 'harrateen'," * At a later period the wing chairs of the time of Queen Anne were copied. Wing chairs were made for the satisfactory disposition of the extreme fulness of the Queen Anne and Georgian skirts. You see, a desire for more refinement and comfort in the ways of living began to appear during these years. Chair-makers of Italy, Spain, France, and Germany had already commenced to coöperate with the upholsterers, and English craftsmen followed the pattern set them by workmen of the Continent. The backs of wing chairs were of sensible height and were upholstered and shaped to conform to the lines of the body in such a manner that shoulders were comfortably supported. The fashionable upholstery materials were woven fabrics, brocades, leathers, and embroideries. These comfortable and homelike chairs had cabriole

* "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" by Alice Morse Earle, pp. 110-111.

legs, and were characterized by the marked slant of the backs, the wide seats, and the curved rolls of the arms. The frames were usually of walnut or mahogany.

FIRESCREEN
Metropolitan Museum of Art

F IS FOR FIRESCREEN, popular with my lady during the eighteenth century. She ornamented the panels with needlepoint, the work of her own white fingers, in many cases. As the name implies, firescreens were used to keep the heat of the fire from causing discomfort to the persons sitting before it. The embroidered panel was supported between two upright standards and was topped with elaborately carved crestings. Sheraton designed firescreens on poles supported by tripods.

G IS FOR GATE-LEG TABLE which received its name from the fact that an additional leg or "gate" folded back and allowed the leaves to drop when the table was not

in use. It belongs to the middle of the seventeenth century and shows the influence of the Jacobean craftsmen. The early types had four legs. Later, the table had six, eight, and occasionally twelve legs. Various types of legs were used, as the ball-turned leg, the urn leg, the egg-and-reel turned leg, and the straight leg. This useful table was fashionable at different periods, but had a tremendous vogue during the time of Charles II. An interesting variation was the "butterfly" table, characterized by a flap with a curve instead of a gate for the support of the drop-leaf.

H IS FOR HARDWARE, made by the craftsmen of early America and characterized by its beauty of line and its sincerity. Of the outfittings of the great fireplace, none are more interesting than the utensils for holding wood—the *andirons*. Andirons were of various sizes. The largest of all supported the mammoth backlogs

AMERICAN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ANDIRONS
Metropolitan Museum of Art

which were rolled into the fireplaces and burned from early morning until evening. They were of various shapes. Among the more ornate were "The Hessian Soldier" and the "Dog." The last-named gave the popular title of firedogs to andirons. The poet Whittier describes yet another type in *Snowbound*.

"The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed."

They were made of iron, brass and copper. *Foot-scrapers*, *door-knockers*, and *hinges* and *locks* have a fascination for the lover of American antiques. The strong strap hinge was the most common of the hinges for hanging doors. It was placed directly on the surface of the door. Often the end was ornamented by flattening or splitting into points, either curved or scrolled. The HL hinge took its name from its characteristic shape. Doors were opened by means of clumsy iron latches. Strong iron and brass locks were necessary for protection in early days. *Door-keys* were of mammoth size. The name of the door-knocker implies its mission. The fiddle-back knocker was an early type which was distinctive and beautiful. After the year eighteen hundred, the American eagle decorated some door-knockers.

I IS FOR IRON LAMPS AND CANDLESTICKS. We read that a deposit of bog iron was discovered near Boston in 1683. After a smelter was erected, iron articles were made. Among them were *"Betty" lamps* and *"Phoebe" lamps*. In shape they followed the lines of the lamps of Greece and Rome. The oil-holder in a Betty lamp resembled a shallow, oval-shaped dish with a spout an inch or two long from which protruded a wick attached to one side of the dish. When the wick was lighted, it gave out a dull flame and a most disagreeable odor. Some of these iron lamps were fitted out with prongs and hooks to attach them to the logs of the cabin wall, chair backs or nails. *Candlesticks* for everyday use were made of iron or tin. Late in the seventeenth century appeared the iron tripods with two branching candlesticks that could be pushed up and down. Iron candlesticks were in use on New England farms as late as

the early nineteenth century. Often, when not lighted, they hung from nails driven about the fireplace. Matching the candlesticks were *trays* containing a pair of *snuffers* to trim the wick, and an *extinguisher* shaped like a cone to place over the top of the candle when the light was to be put out.

J IS FOR JACOBEAN CHAIRS which were brought over from England and reproduced by American craftsmen. A typical chair of the period was the *wainscot chair* which was directly descended from the Gothic chairs of the Middle Ages. Made of oak, the standard wood of the seventeenth century, they had great solidity and strength. They were characterized by the rectangular stile and rail construction, the flat relief carving, and the use of paneling. Seats, as well as backs, were usually made of wood. These carved chairs were owned only by people of affluence. The so-called "Winslow Chair" in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Massachusetts, is a wainscot chair. Another characteristic chair of the period was the "Monk's Seat" or *chair-table*. It could be used as a table, but when the top was tipped back and the piece of furniture was set against the wall—behold a large chair! They were, as you can see, extremely useful in the limited space of the rooms of the early settlers. Round tops were common, but oblong and square tops were seen also.

K IS FOR KITCHEN, the center of early home life in the colonies. Let us listen to the description given by a girl who knew and loved a New England kitchen. Lucy Larcom says, "Primitive ways of doing

things had not wholly ceased during my childhood; they were kept up in the old towns longer than elsewhere. We used tallow candles and oil lamps, and sat by open fireplaces. There was always the tinder-box in some safe corner or other, and the fire was kindled by striking flint and steel upon the tinder. What magic it seemed to me, when I was first allowed to strike that wonderful spark, and light the kitchen fire!

"The fireplace was deep, and there was a 'settle' in the chimney corner, where three of us youngest girls could sit together and toast our toes on the andirons (two Continental soldiers in full uniform, marching one after the other) while we looked up the chimney into a square of blue sky, and sometimes caught a snowflake on our foreheads; or sometimes smirched our clean aprons (high-necked and long-sleeved ones known as tiers) against the swinging crane with its sooty pot-hooks and trammels. The coffee-pot was set for breakfast over hot coals, on a three-legged bit of iron called a 'trivet'. Potatoes were roasted in the ashes, and the Thanksgiving turkey in a 'tin-kitchen', the business of turning the spit being usually delegated to some of us small folk, who were only too willing to burn our faces in honor of the annual festival.

. . . . . .

"When supper was finished, and the tea-kettle was pushed back on the crane, and the backlog had been reduced to a heap of fiery embers, then was the time for listening to sailor yarns and ghost and witch legends. The wonder seems somehow to have faded out of those tales of eld since the gleam of red-hot coals died away from the hearthstone. The shutting up of

the great fireplaces marks an era; the abdication of shaggy Romance and the enthronement of elegant Commonplace—sometimes, alas! the opposite of elegant—at the New England fireside."*

* "A New England Girlhood" by Lucy Larcom, p. 23.

Chapter XII

AN ALPHABET OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES CONTINUED

A FRAGMENT

BY PHEBE K. MOODY

The Pen

"How great is my use!" cries the quill of a goose;
"Who duly my merits appraise?
My praises resound the world all around,
I make even fools to be wise."

The Needle

"Hold! hold! prating goose, for I'm of most use,
Although I am shorter and slimmer;
By my little head many thousands are fed,
Whilst your scribble won't purchase a dinner."

The Wheel

"And what were your head were it not for my thread?
So, then, independent Miss Steel,
Just acknowledge thy due to the wheel."

The Loom

"And what were your worth were it not for my cloth?"
The loom, looking largely, replied.
"Both needle and thread might beg for their bread,
If I did not keep them employed."

The Axe

Mr. Axe raised his head, and to them he said,—
"Come, yield the precedence to me;
For to me you must know your being you owe,
For I hewed you out of the tree."

In this dispute among the tools,
We see how much we look like fools
When pride begins to swell and rise,
And makes us great in our own eyes.
Shall human tools contend with God,
And boast as if there were no wood?
We are his clay, formed by his hand,
For his own use, at his command.
Let not curst pride our hearts deceive,
For what have we we've not received?

(Late eighteenth or early nineteenth century.)

AN ALPHABET OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES CONTINUED

I have basins, ewers of tin, pewter, and glass,
Great vessels of copper, fine latten, and brass,
Both pots, pans, and kettles such as never was.
I have platters, dishes, saucers, and candlesticks,
Chafers, lavers, towels and fine tricks;
Posnets, frying pans, and fine pudding pricks;
Fine pans for milk, trim tubs for souse.
From *Dives Pragmaticus* by Newbery (1563).

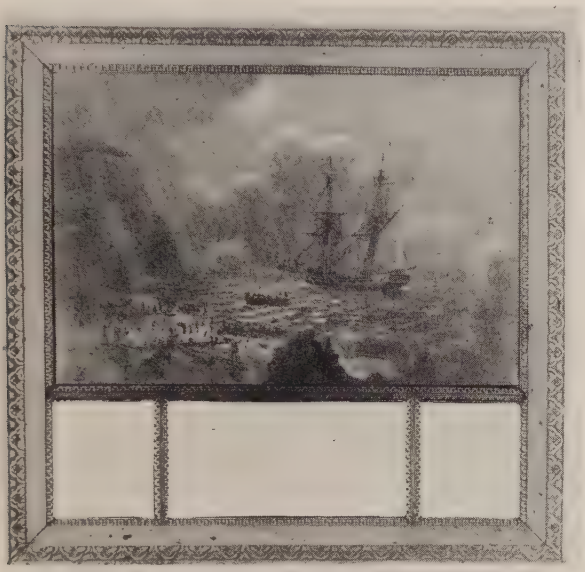
L:—For a long time I was undecided about L. I was torn between *Lustre* and *Lowestoft*. It may have been the result of breaking my mother's prized copper lustre pitcher, or of not receiving my great-aunt's Lowestoft tea-set, promised to me when I was a child. Possibly the loss of the tea-set made a greater impression, for I have decided to let L stand for *Lowestoft*. During the

LOWESTOFT PLATTERS AND MUG WITH BLUE AND GOLD ORNAMENTS
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

early part of the United States' history as an independent nation, large quantities of this porcelain came to America. Lowestoft was usually the "company set of dishes." There were various patterns used in the decorations, including Chinese designs, marine subjects, and floral *motifs*. The tea-set I lost was covered with

prim, small bunches of "posies." Other floral patterns included small bouquets lying in mass on the surface, festoons of small roses and green leaves, roses without stems, and a single flower. Borders were frequently decorated with a band of rich blue. The shapes of the pieces and the characteristic twisted handles resembled those used on certain types of Chinese wares. A mystery, resulting in innumerable discussions, is connected with Lowestoft. Some collectors believe that plain porcelain from China was imported to England and decorated at the factory at Lowestoft; others think that it was made and decorated in China and imported to Holland and England by the Dutch East India Company or brought directly from China to Boston and Salem. I have heard arguments for and against both theories. You will enjoy reading about it, and taking your choice.

M IS FOR MIRROR. Very few mirrors were made in America before the Queen Anne period. During the early years of the republic, they were manufactured in considerable quantities. In the American Empire Period mirror-frames were made both of mahogany or of lesser woods, gilded. The simpler forms of mahogany mirrors were framed with broad bands having bevelled edges. More formal types boasted of columns at the sides. Gilded mirrors were elaborate and were decorated with carvings, pilasters, and rosettes. Urns and flowers were also favorite forms of adornment. Sometimes a wood and plaster composition was used for the basis for the frames of gilded mirrors. Upright mirrors were frequently divided into two parts by means of a piece of molding. The upper part contained a painting on glass or a piece of embroidery. Some of the paintings were allegorical; others were of



ORNAMENTAL MIRROR WITH PANEL PAINTED BY PHILIP ROOS DATED 1813
The American privateersman "Yankee" landing prize cargo captured from British ships in the War of 1812
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

eagles, ships, landscapes, or flags. One type bore the effigy of an American eagle perching proudly on a broken arch. Like other pieces of furniture made in this country, mirrors were modelled on the lines of those designed by the English cabinet-makers. Lovely mirrors were imported from England. The Adam Brothers designed beautiful mirror-frames which were gilded and delicately carved. The urn was one of their characteristic *motifs*, and it was often used in their mirrors. In shape they were oval, round, or oblong. A mirror-frame, made by Chippendale and copied in America, was made in mahogany, and had a fretted bottom, as well as a top piece carved in an elaborate fashion. Two-

section mirrors were popular during the Queen Anne Period, and a type from which the American cabinet-makers took ideas was supported between two upright poles and placed upon a little stand of drawers. The piece was then set upon a chest of drawers.

A FLOWER-PIECE IN SILK NEEDLEWORK
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

N IS FOR NEEDLEWORK. American women did fine needlework even in our early days. Needlework is one of the oldest of handicrafts, and the knowledge of the art, learned in England and Holland, was brought by the women to the New World. Maids and matrons made their own clothing and that of fathers, husbands, and brothers. Plain sewing was an art in itself; hemming, tucking, gathering, overcasting, running, felling,

button-hole making, and the executing of stitches such as chain-stitch, feather-stitch, and cross-stitch were part of every girl's education. Crewel work, drawn work, and cross-stitch were applied on clothing, bed-hangings, cushions, and chair-backs. The girls learned sewing from their mothers and at dames' schools. The Indians called the English women "lazie Squaes" when they saw them embroidering coifs instead of digging in the fields. Mr. Brownell, the Boston schoolmaster, in 1716 taught "Young Gentlewomen and Children all sorts of fine works as Feather Works, Filigree and Painting on Glass, Embroidering in a new way, Turkey work for Handkerchiefs two new ways." Girls learned to make bone lace with pillows and bobbins, and the goodwives met under instruction of a teacher who had paid a guinea a lesson to learn the art from Flemish refugees in London. All this was in Colonial days, but needlework was kept up as a fine art until the invention of the sewing-machine.

O IS FOR OVEN. The *brick oven* was at one side of the fireplace and was connected with the kitchen chimney. An iron door opened to the floor of the oven, which was usually about three feet from the hearth. Over the oven, to serve as a covering when it was not in use, was a wooden door, matching the casings. In heating the oven the wood was allowed to burn for about two hours. Then the hot coals were drawn in a pile toward the front of the oven, and shovelled out into a receptacle for carrying them away. The ashes were brushed from the oven floor by means of a turkey-wing, and the food was placed in for baking on a wooden shovel called a "peel." Brick ovens were used for the great weekly bakings so necessary in the large families of

olden times. On one corner of the fireplace stood the *Dutch oven.* Coals were beneath it and on its rimmed cover. Later, meats were roasted in the *tin kitchen* in front of the huge open fire.

P IS FOR PRINTS. The highly colored prints, signed with the names of *N. Currier* and *Currier and Ives* are not to be correctly classed as "antiques." They are interesting because they picture the expansion of industrial life, the scenery, and the famous men of the period between 1840 and 1870. They were printed to sell for fifty cents apiece and were quite as popular as the picture post-card of the present day. When their vogue waned, they were burned or thrown away. Now attics are ransacked to find them. Sport-prints and hunting-scenes, views of New York, the big fire of Chicago, ships, the railroad, scenes in the south, the west, views of the White Mountains; typical beauties, as The Southern Beauty, The Northern Beauty, and The Royal Beauty; a series of children's pictures, including Little Brother and Sister, Little Jenny, and Little Kitty; the generals of the Civil War, and crude portraits of bandits and western outlaws are among the many subjects which were reproduced by the enterprising lithographers.

Q IS FOR QUILTED BED-HANGINGS, made by the housewives of colonial days to keep out the draughts in the poorly heated houses. We are told that the art of quilting originated in China. Designs for quilting were handed down from one generation to another. Many quilting patterns were known to early American needlewomen. Straight line patterns included the single diagonal, double and triple diagonal, single-line diamond, hanging diamond, inch squares, broken plaids,

and concentric squares. The shell pattern was liked in the seventeenth century. Curved line designs included the fan, the ocean wave, the twisted rope, and the plate pattern or True Lover's Knot. Single feather, double feather, pineapples, tulips, and baskets of flowers have all appeared in the art of quilting.

R IS FOR RUGS. Have you ever pictured a remote New England farmhouse in winter? Before the days of radios and automobiles? Yes, even before the party-line telephones, popular-priced magazines, and the first

HOOKED RUG OF SCROLL AND FLORAL DESIGN
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

crude ancestors of the graphophone! Seventy-five years ago, in isolated districts, people were thrown upon their own resources for recreation and amusement. And, so, in the midst of weaving, spinning, dyeing, sewing, pickling, preserving, and drying pumpkins and apples, the art of *hooked rug-making* was carried on! Some of these old-time rugs have been carefully preserved, but

far more were sold at country auctions, worn out, or given away to unappreciative relatives. Some were rarely beautiful, both in design and workmanship, and were hooked with such skill that they had the texture of velvet. Often the floral patterns followed the lines and colorings of the flowers from the designers' own gardens, bright and fragrant with "laylocks," "heartsease," roses, lilies, marigolds, peonies, columbines, grass-pinks, and sweet-williams. Sometimes the pictures of gentle cows, playful puppies, innocent-eyed kittens, chickens, ducks, parrots, and peacocks decorated prized rugs. Conventional designs were liked and bricks and plates often furnished patterns. Then, there were rugs "marked-off" in diamonds, squares, and shells, as well as the types known as "hit-or-miss" and rainbows. Landscape rugs pictured a bit of woodland or a house or perhaps the ships and waves of the New England seacoast.

S IS FOR SILHOUETTES. In 1759 when Etienne de Silhouette, the Minister of Finance, held the purse strings of France in a parsimonious hand, craftsworkers and artists, with paper and scissors, developed the cutting of black profiles, which took its place as a distinctive pictorial art. Thus silhouettes became fashionable, and the enthusiasm evinced in making them spread over the Continent and England and the idea was carried to America. Cutting silhouettes became a pastime as well as a craft, and it is recorded that Nellie Custis cut likenesses of the members of the household at Mt. Vernon. These quaint black pictures, some of them cut, possibly, by the exiled Edouard of the era of Napoleon, or by the American silhouettist, William Henry Brown, are treasured heirlooms in certain old families. Not only

A GROUP OF SILHOUETTES
Upper pair, portraits of Mr. B. Lister and Mrs. Theodore Cadwallader of Philadelphia. The others cut by Blythe
By Courtesy of Fred J. Peters

profiles of face, but full-length figures, as well, active in the pastimes of the day, as playing chess, reading around the family center table, and children rolling hoops, were shown in these charming vignettes.

T IS FOR THE TIP-TOP TABLE copied from Chippendale models by American craftsmen. It was of the tripod form, and its cabriole legs were usually carved and ended in the ball and claw feet. Plain legs were used also, especially in the American forms of this popular table. Sometimes the table boasted a round top, at others, the rectangular top was seen. Both were hinged in order that they might be turned up when not in use. Some tops were plain; others were sunken and surrounded by a moulded rim. The well-known *pie-crust table* was of this type. About 1720 mahogany came into use in England, and was the wood most favored by Chippendale. The finest of the tip-top tables, both in England and in Philadelphia where a group of cabinet makers adapted the Chippendale models, were made of the fine-grained wood.

U IS FOR URN, a decoration favored by the Brothers Adam. Robert and James Adam adapted the classic and Italian type of decorative forms to the designs of fine cabinet-work. The vase and urn both appeared in classic ornamentation. They were applied to many fine pieces of English furniture which were imported to America.

V IS FOR VICTORIAN PILLOW-TOPS, fashioned by slender fingers skilled in the art of weaving hair wreaths, making wax flowers, decorating boxes with shell and rice work, crocheting antimacassars, pulling wool through

VICTORIAN PILLOW-TOPS
Photograph from *The Christian Science Monitor*

canvas for bags and slippers, and embroidering round collars for the full-skirted gowns worn by women of the Victorian Period. Green, red, brown, lavender, black, and light gray four-ply Germantown worsted, and cross-stitch canvas were used for one pillow which was placed primly on a haircloth sofa in the "parlor." Another, worked in 1825, was hexagonal in shape, and the pattern was composed of hexagons, joined in small squares.

W IS FOR WINDSOR CHAIR. Although the Windsor chair originated in England, it reached the height of its popularity in America. It was practical and comfortable and was used in all kinds of homes. American Windsors were not manufactured of expensive woods but were usually constructed of ash, hickory, beech, and pine. In many cases, the legs were made of oak. Seats were shaped like saddles and legs were splayed to give strength. Altogether, the Windsor chair was built to

last. Among the various types were the fan-backs, the low-backs, the hoop-back side and arm chairs, and the writing Windsor chair.

X IS FOR X-SHAPED CHAIRS made in early Jacobean days, and, truly, I do not know another thing about them.

Y IS FOR YARMOUTH POTTERY made toward the end of the eighteenth century by a potter named Absolon. The pieces were decorated by views of Yarmouth, marine subjects, arms, and inscriptions. Some pieces were brought to America.

Z IS ZEST with which we delve into the past and for ZEAL with which we try to interest others in the home life and arts of our forefathers; for, as Cowper says,

"No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest
'Till half mankind were like himself possessed."

Chapter XIII
TAPESTRIES

TAPESTRY

BY IDA CROCKER DUNCAN

"Across my tranquil living-room
An old French tapestry—
A master's finished dream—
Wakes golden fancies, that seem
As ever moving play to me,
Where grace and color bloom
In a forest's gay company.

Here gentle steed and ladies fair
A falcon and a stag,
A ribbon brook and waving tree
And gallant men who care
To play a little near a crag—
To you it may be tapestry,
To me it is France and debonair."

Christian Science Monitor.

TAPESTRIES

Crimson and purple and all hues of wine,
Saffron and russet, brown and sober green
Are rich with shadowy depths of blue between;
While silver threads with golden intertwine,
To catch the glimmer of a fickle sheen,
All the long labor of some captive queen.

Santayana.

THE presentation by Mr. Edward S. Harkness to Yale University of the four tapestries once owned by Elihu Yale is of particular interest to the American antiquarian. The Yale Tapestries, as they are called, were made by John Vandermark, a weaver under the patronage of British royalty, and follow the Oriental designs which, during the eighteenth century, were made popular by trade with the East.

By birth, Elihu Yale belonged to England, for though he was born in Boston in 1648 his family carried him to England when he was four years old. In after years he amassed a huge fortune in India and returned to London as a patron of the arts. It was during this period of his life that he was asked to give financial aid to a little seminary at Saybrook, Connecticut, called "The Collegiate Institute of Saybrook." Yale followed the request by sending over books and works of art, which the trustees of the school sold for about eight hundred pounds. They were duly appreciative of the gift and when the seminary was moved to New Haven the first building was named "Yale Hall." In 1745, the name of Yale College was bestowed upon the institution and many years later it was changed to Yale University.

The Yale Tapestries all have black backgrounds, and the borders have a certain resemblance. The designs differ. They are called "The Concert," "The Toilet of the Princess," "The Promenade," and "Palanquin." It is said that the tapissier received his inspiration from *motifs* on Chinese and East India screens and from bric-a-brac in Elihu Yale's collection.

The word "tapestry" is steeped in the atmosphere of the past. It brings up pictures of Greek palaces and of baronial castles—their walls decorated with coverings of wool, embroidered in various colors. It conjures up visions of the faithful Penelope waiting the return of the wandering Ulysses—of Matilda and her maidens passing long hours at their work.

At a very early date tapestries were made by the people of eastern countries. Like other forms of needlework, the invention of the art is attributed to the Phrygians, and long before the Trojan War the women of Sidon were celebrated for their tapestries.

Homer sang of them and said,

"Far as Phaeacian mariners all else
Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods,
So far the tissue-work the women pass
All others, by Minerva's skill endow'd
With richest fancy and superior skill."

Minerva, as the goddess of the liberal arts, was invoked by craftsworkers in wool, embroidery, and painting. Do you remember the old myth of Arachne who was so skillful in working tapestries that she challenged the goddess to a trial of skill. But, also, the unfortunate woman was defeated by the goddess and changed into a spider! The results of her weaving may be seen by any housewife who does not constantly use the broom!

YALE TAPESTRY. THE CONCERT
By Courtesy of Yale University and P. W. French & Company

YALE TAPESTRY. THE PALANQUIN
By Courtesy of Yale University and P. W. French & Company

YALE TAPESTRY. THE PROMENADE

By Courtesy of Yale University and P. W. French & Company

YALE TAPESTRY. THE TOILETTE OF THE PRINCESS

By Courtesy of Yale University and P. W. French & Company

The art of tapestry-making was carried from the East to Greece and Rome. With the exception of the famous Bayeux Tapestry, we find few examples of the work in Europe until the time of the Crusades, and it seems that after the fall of the Roman Empire, the art was lost for a time.

"This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While she assay'd with rage the holy war
To desolate their fields: but old the skill:
Long were the Phrygians' pict' ring looms renown'd,
Tyre also, wealthy seat of art, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web."

Dyer's words well explain the return of tapestry-making to Europe.

In "Life On A Mediæval Barony," William Stearns Davis says, "Of another luxury, however, he is rightly proud. Stowed away in carefully guarded cupboards is a quantity of admirable wall tapestries, some of the precious sendal (taffeta) silk, some of hardly less valuable Sicilian woolen stuff. Their designs are of blazing magnificence. There is one of great elaboration showing 'The Seven Virtues and the Seven Vices,' another giving a whole sequence of scenes concerning Charlemagne. But such precious ornaments must be kept for great occasions. The order, 'Hang the tapestries,' is a sign to the servitors that Conon contemplates a tourney or a great feast or a visit from the duke."

The women of Anglo-Saxon days were noted for their needlework and embroidered upon the hangings of their chambers the daring deeds of their husbands and sons. In the tenth century, Edelfreda, widow of

Brithned, Duke of Northumberland, presented the church of Ely with a curtain upon which she pictured the life of her dead lord. Witlaf, king of Mercia, gave a golden curtain, embroidered with the seige of Troy, to the abbey of Croyland.

I have spoken of the Bayeux Tapestry. It is one of the oldest specimens of needlework in existence, and was made by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and her maidens for the Cathedral of Bayeux in Normandy. The web of cloth, two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length and twenty inches in width, was worked with worsted to represent the incidents of the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. Strange figures of birds and animals were shown in the borders at the top and bottom, and in the portion picturing the Battle of Hastings the lower border consisted of the bodies of the slain. Exclusive of the borders, about five hundred and thirty figures were shown. Few colors were used—dark and light blue, green, red, yellow, and buff—and no thought seems to have been given to the correct colors of the objects. For instance, horses were worked in blue, green, red, and yellow, and sometimes different colors were used for the legs and bodies. The passing of so many hundreds of years has dulled the colors and given the cloth itself a dull brown tinge.

These tapestries which I have been describing were worked with needles filled with worsteds or silks and sometimes intermixed with gold and silver threads upon a groundwork of canvas. The method was very different from the kind of weaving used in making the Gobelin tapestries or those of Flanders.

The first weaving of tapestry to gain a reputation in Europe was that of the workers of Flanders. There

were manufactories at Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Lille, and Tournay, and at Arras. Some of the products of these looms were so exquisite that they were scarcely inferior to paintings by great artists.

The art was introduced into England during the reign of Henry VIII, but did not gain any great reputation until the time of James I. He was a patron of tapestry-weaving and gave the sum of two thousand pounds toward the establishment of a place for its manufacture. During the persecution of the seventeenth century, Flemish craftsmen came over to England as refugees. Among them were tapissiers. The Mortlake industry had for its patron King Charles I, but it expired about 1688. One of the followers of the Mortlake Industry was the John Vandermark who made the Yale Tapestries. He became tapissier to the English Crown in 1689, and it was said of him that no person ever so happily represented the works of nature in weaving tapestries.

But France led in the art. Let me repeat something that I read in an old book on needlework. "Henri Quatre first established a tapestry manufactory at Paris about the year 1606, which was conducted by several clever artists whom he invited from Flanders; but this, like many similar institutions founded by that monarch, was greatly neglected at his death, and would probably have been entirely so, had not Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, with a view of providing the costly and magnificent furniture for Versailles and the Tuilleries, again remodeled it upon a more secure foundation, and from that period the royal manufactory of the 'Hotel des Gobelins' dates its origin."

Jean Gobelin was a dyer of wool who lived about the year 1450 in the Faubourg St. Marcel at Paris. He

amassed considerable wealth, and his descendents filled various offices of state. The Gobelin family was succeeded by the Canaye family who added the art of tapestry-weaving to that of dyeing. Later came a Dutchman, Glucq, and Jean Lianson, who was a most proficient workman. But the gardens and buildings were still owned by the Gobelin family. At the suggestion of Colbert, Louis XIV purchased the estate and established a royal workshop. The building was called the "Hotel des Gobelins" and in this way gave the name "Gobelin Tapestries" to the products made there. The king ordered that artists, weavers, and dyers should be hired from Flanders that their knowledge might be used to perfect the tapestries.

The celebrated artist Le Brun was appointed in 1667 as the chief director of the establishment. Here he painted the series of the battles of Alexander and the tapestries developed from the designs were among the finest productions made at the Hotel des Gobelins. Other designs by the artist were from the history of important episodes in the life of Louis XIV and *les quatre elemens et les quatre saisons de l'annee* (the four elements and the four seasons of the year).

Toussaint Dubreiul designed the Diana set of five tapestries worked in gold and silver thread. Under the direction of Le Brun fifty workmen completed the work for Versailles Palace.

The Gobelin factories are still standing and on the front of one of them is a marble plaque telling of the founding of the works which turned out tapestries unsurpassed in beauty. It says, "Jean and Philibert Gobelin, dyers in scarlet, who have lent their name to this quarter of Paris and to the manufacture of tapestries,

had their workshop here at the end of the fifteenth century, on the banks of the River Bievre."

During the reign of Napoleon the art of tapestry-weaving was again revived after a decline of several years. Historical subjects were usually portrayed and from two to six years was often required for the completion of a single piece.

An Englishman, describing some Gobelin tapestries owned by the Duchess of Portsmouth, said, "Here I saw the new fabriq of French tapissary, for designe, tendernesse of worke, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings beyond anything I ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's and other palaces of the French king, with huntings, figures, and landships, exotiq fowls, and all to the life rarely done."

A form of tapestry-weaving used by women of the Middle Ages to pass the hours while the men of the household were occupied with the hunt and warfare was known as *petit point*. Lovely bits for wall decorations, for table covers, and for chair backs were made by English gentlewomen of the succeeding generations.

Catherine de Medicis was an adept at making these exquisite pictures in needlework; Mary, Queen of Scots, passed many hours of her long years of captivity at the work and some examples of her faded *petit point* still remain.

During the reign of the Stuarts many needlework pictures were made, and the subjects were chosen from the Bible and from pastoral scenes. Mary, wife of William of Orange, was an enthusiastic and ambitious needlewoman, and conceived the idea that she and the ladies of her personal retinue should cover the chairs of the palace with pieces of *petit point*.

The unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France adorned

some types of furniture with examples of her own needlework and she is said to have made a carpet.

To quote the words of John Taylor,

"Thus is a needle prov'd an instrument
Of profit, pleasure, and of ornament,
Which mighty queenes have grac'd in hand to take."

Chapter XIV

DOLLS OF THE PAST

DOLLADINE

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

This is her picture—Dolladine—
The beautifullest doll that ever was seen!
Oh, what nosegays! Oh, what sashes!
Oh, what beautiful eyes and lashes!

Oh, what a precious perfect pet!
On each instep a pink rosette;
Little blue shoes for her little blue tots;
Elegant ribbons in bows and knots.

Her hair is powdered; her arms are straight,
Only feel, she is quite a weight!
Her legs are limp though; stand up, miss!
What a beautiful buttoned-up mouth to kiss!

DOLLS OF THE PAST

"Ladies d'y you want fine Toys,
For misses or for Boys
Of all sorts I have a choice
And pretty things to tease ye?"
"I want a little Babye
As pretty as none may be,
With head-dress made of a feather."

Ward.

In the year 1839 a little Massachusetts maid received on her birthday a note and a present from her mother. The short letter is preserved in "The Life, Letters, and Journals of Louisa M. Alcott" and from it we gain a picture of the gift.

"My dear little girl," wrote the mother of the future creator of Jo, Meg, Amy, and Beth, "will you accept this doll from me on your seventh birthday? She will be a quiet playmate for my active Louisa for seven years more. Be a kind mama and love her for my sake.

Beach Street, Boston, 1839.

Your mother."

The Alcott children loved their dolls, and Louisa was the leader of many games in which the dolls took an active part. The Journal describes their activities.

"Dolls were an equal source of pleasure. The imaginative children hardly recognized them as manufactured articles, but endowed them with life and feeling. Louisa put her dolls through every experience of life; they were fed, educated, punished, rewarded, nursed, and even hung and buried and then resurrected in her stories. The account of the 'Sacrifice of the Dolls'

to the exacting 'Kitty Mouse' in 'Little Men' delights all children by its mixture of earnestness and playfulness."

Almost any type of doll would have stimulated a child who delighted in make-believe of all kinds. Possibly little Louisa May dressed the post of a "low-post" bedstead, as did another child of old New England, or made "petunia babies" from the posies in her mother's garden.

The bent twigs of maple trees, a pillow with a string tied around it, a stick of wood bedecked with a treasured scrap of gay calico may have been her beloved babies. We can only guess. The girls of the Alcott family were no doubt well supplied with a bevy of smug-faced dolls, but the doll worthy of the note from the giver must have been a real "store" doll!

Old rag-dolls were treasured heirlooms of many New England homes. Of all sizes and attired in many kinds of quaint costumes, they had some points in common. Their faces were invariably flat; their hands were stiff and rigid; their toes turned out in a most alarming manner. Sometimes they had black button eyes; frequently their prim features were painted with beet and fruit juices; occasionally eyes, nose and mouth were embroidered. For hair they wore toupees of yarn or hemp or wisps of real hair. Their garments were full-skirted gowns of sprigged muslins or prints and they often wore sunbonnets of the same materials as their dresses. In one New Hampshire family still lives an old rag-doll who for over eighty years has pleased its daughters. True, she has become somewhat the worse for wear, but her blemished features have been renewed by the simple expedient of re-covering her face with a fresh piece of cloth!

In "Child Life in Colonial Days" Alice Morse Earle tells of a shapeless rag-doll, "Bungwell Putt," by name, which is in the collection at Deerfield Memorial Hall. "It was cherished for eighty years by Clarissa Field of Northfield, Mass., who was born blind, and whose halting but trusting rhymes of longing for the clear vision of another world are fastened to the plaything she loved in youth and old age."

Some of these old rag babies led exciting lives and were taken adventuring by their young mothers. In "A New England Girlhood" Lucy Larcom tells of the hill behind her house with its "slanting sides worn smooth by the feet of many childish generations" and "the ledges carpeted with moss of various patterns."

"These were the winding-ways up our castle towers, with breakfast rooms and boudoirs along the landings, where we set our tables for unexpected guests with broken china, and left our numerous rag-children tucked in asleep under the mullein-blankets or plantain coverlets, while we ascended to the topmost turret to watch for ships coming in from sea."

Mrs. Earle tells us that she has often been asked if the first children coming to the new world had dolls, and she believes that they had objects resembling crude dolls. Dolls were first called puppets, and in England in 1751 they were sent about the continent to show the fashions of dress for ladies. These fashion models first came from the Netherlands and were called "Flanders Babies." At last these quaint figurines found their places in the nurseries of the homes where they had been sent as fashion models. Dolls were also sold at Bartholomew Fair and were called Bartholomew Babies.

To quote Mrs. Earle, "In Poor Robin's Almanack, 1695, is a reference to a 'Bartholomew baby trickt up

with ribbons and knots'; and they were known at the time of the landing of the Pilgrims. Therefore it is not impossible that some Winslow or Winthrop maid, some little miss of Bradford or Brewster birth, brought across seas a Bartholomew baby and was comforted by it." *

CORNHUSK DOLL MADE BY MISS DOROTHY CORNELL FROM AN OLD-TIME MODEL. THE SECOND DOLL WAS OWNED BY THE AUTHOR'S GRANDMOTHER

Those of us who have vivid imaginations are able to draw pictures of white-capped children learning from beady-eyed Indian girls the art of making cornhusk dolls. During my grandmother's childhood these corn-

* "Child Life in Colonial Days" by Alice Morse Earles, p. 366.

husk babies were made by New England children, and later Grandmother pleased me by helping me construct them. As she stuffed and tied, she told me of their fashioning by the Indians. A modern cornhusk doll made by the old-time methods by Miss Dorothy Cornell has acquired long skirts and a quaint bonnet quite unlike those worn by Indian dolls.

The first "store" dolls of New England were imported from the Continent and made their long journeys to their homes in slow-moving sailing vessels.

One of the interesting treasures of The Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts, shows four of the gawky French dolls made about the year 1812. In the center of this picture is a rag dowager, known as "the foot-bath doll," which was made in 1785 by Miss E. Kimball and re-dressed in 1865. The character dolls are really New England products, for they were made by Mrs. Cleveland of the witchcraft city. Among the old-time dolls, the furniture, the tea-sets, Noah's Ark, doll carriages, and various quaint toys owned by The Essex Institute is a Spanish doll dating from about the year 1795 and of the type known at a later date as "wax."

Dolls with heads constructed of "composition" and with bodies made of fabrics of kid and stuffed into shape were popular with small girls in the early nineteenth century. Such a doll was loved by my grandmother, Lavina Drew, who was born in Alton, New Hampshire, in 1827. The doll's black painted hair is arranged in the fashion of the period, piled high upon her head in a series of puffs, held in place by a large Spanish comb; her complexion is delicately tinted, and notwithstanding the passage of time, her cheeks are rosily pink, her mouth a vivid crimson, but her eyes have lost their original blue. Her body, arms and hands

are made of cloth, and she has no feet. We might almost assert that her head was purchased in a shop and that her body was of home manufacture. She wears a dress of red and black delaine, and her undergarments are cut from lavender sprigged muslin.

In a collection of old dolls owned by Miss Julia D. S. Snow of Greenfield, Massachusetts, are three with composition heads. One is seven and one-half inches tall. Her head is adorned with hair arranged in curls, her body is of white kid, and her arms and feet are made of wood. She is quite gaily dressed in long white checked-dimity pantalets, a cotton lace dress over a glazed yellow cotton slip, while a pale blue silk sash, ornamented with tassels, is fastened in front with a steel buckle. This doll is a true "New Englander" for she came from Post Mills, Vermont.

A perky miss in Miss Snow's collection is the possessor of a composition head and a body of stuffed, unjointed kid. Not only her hands, arms, and feet but also part of her legs are made of wood. Her hair is arranged in short curls in the back of her neck. Her white cotton pantalets are edged with white lace, and her white cotton petticoat has hand-knitted "edging." The pink tarlatan dress is fashioned with a low neck and short sleeves and has white organdie undersleeves. She is evidently a young lady of fashion, for she wears a black silk apron and a black silk ribbon sash, crossed in front and fastened with an oval steel buckle. When she came to stay with Miss Snow, she reposed in a white cardboard box, bearing this inscription, "In 1899 she will be fifty years old."

Another Vermont doll in the collection is eleven and one-fourth inches high. Her hair is parted in the middle, with side puffs and drawn straight up from the back

THE CHARACTER DOLLS WERE MADE BY MRS. CLEVELAND OF SALEM, MASS. AND BY MISS E. KIMBALL. THE FOUR FRENCH DOLLS ARE OF THE PERIOD OF 1812.

By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

FIVE SETS OF TWIN DOLLS
Now the property of Miss Helen J. Berry

of the neck and arranged in four puffs on the crown of the head. Her pantalets are of white organdie, trimmed with white silk cord; her petticoat is made of white cotton; but her dress is of cream-colored silk, with low neck and short puffed sleeves, and ornamented with a sash of white silk tied in front.

Two of the wooden dolls loved by children of old New England are shown in the picture of the five sets of "twin" dolls belonging to twin girls who were born in Barnstead, New Hampshire, nearly seventy years ago. "Fanny and Frances," as the dolls are named, have wooden heads, hands and feet, and their dresses,

which follow exactly the fashions of the time, are of barred muslin and are made of the pieces of the "twins'" own frocks. In the little box between "Fanny and Frances" are twin dolls of china. Below them are quaint damsels with hickory-nut heads and dressed in black taffeta. In their arms they carry babies with heads made of small white beans. The dolls are arranged upon the bedclothes and the pillow, trimmed with hand-made lace, which the Misses Ida and Eda Proctor knit years ago for their beloved "twins." The collection is now owned by Miss Helen J. Berry of Barnstead, New Hampshire.

In Miss Snow's collection is a wooden doll. She is fifteen inches in height. Her wooden body has ball and socket shoulder-joints, and her elbows, thighs, and knee-joints are hinged. The head, hands, and feet of this doll are constructed of iron, painted to get the desired effects. She wears a red sprigged-calico dress, trimmed with bias bands of blue and white striped calico.

An interesting old doll is the property of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He is called "Imitation of George Washington" and was once owned by the Bennett Family. In writing of him, Miss Edith Freeman, librarian of the Society, says, "The gentleman stands seven inches tall, is dressed in buff and blue, has china feet and legs, cloth body, and painted head rather badly crackled, but, for all that, he is delightful."

The dolls with the china heads were the dearest of all, I think. So many little girls of the Victorian Period loved them and kissed the paint from their smug china faces! Most little girls loved them, I should say, for not long ago a white-haired woman smiled and assured me that she never loved the "store" doll that her father and mother brought her from Dover, New Hampshire.

"'Twas my old rag doll I loved," she said. "That doll from the Dover shop! Pish! She had shiny black painted hair, a pert nose and rosy cheeks. Her skirts of muslin were full and lace-trimmed and upon her breast she wore a bright nosegay of posies. But I didn't love her. Perhaps it was because I wasn't allowed to play with her very often, for she lay in state in a drawer of mother's big chest of drawers."

The wax doll was a creature of elegance and fashion. She began to appear upon the market in the late sixties and early seventies, and during the eighties she was extremely popular. She was further enhanced by the fact that she had hair which was not painted, but seemed to grow upon her head and that she could open and shut her eyes. Unfortunately, the wax doll was not durable and had to be guarded carefully lest the wax peel from her face. She might even melt, if placed too near the fire.

One of Miss Snow's dolls has a head and chest of wax. Her hair hangs in flaxen curls, her eyes are of "melting blue" and she can go to sleep. Her glazed cotton body is stuffed with sawdust, and her hands, arms, and feet are of composition. Her thin white cotton dress is cut with a "Polonaise," and she wears a string of red, white and blue beads. Her blue high boots are painted and adorned at the top with painted red border and tassels. She is approximately fifty-eight years old.

The auburn hair of another wax doll is curled, and she is also a sleeping doll. She is attired in a similar manner to the last one described, but her painted boots have black bottoms and brown uppers with white buttons and tassels. She was owned by a woman of about sixty years of age who remembered having the doll

exhibited to her in a red pasteboard box on state occasions. Whenever there were children visiting at her home, her mother brought the doll from the parlor cupboard beside the fireplace—but for display only.

To the collector of small "antiques" these quaint creatures beloved by the little girls of long ago are most interesting. Arranged with their miniature chairs, beds, and walnut and painted bureaus, and surrounded by flower-sprigged tea-sets, tiny brass candlesticks, bits of Sandwich glass, nail-studded trunks and paper covered bandboxes, the dolls of old New England make a pleasing addition to a collection of early American antiques.

Chapter XV

IN OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE STYLE

From THE HASTY PUDDING

BY JOEL BARLOW

1755-1812

My song resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days!
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding,* most in thee.
Let the green succotash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its golden tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how famed so'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe-cake,* fair Virginia's pride,
Rich *Johnny-Cake,* this mouth has often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot,
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast,
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows,—
You tempt me not—my fav'rite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

IN OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE STYLE

The time wherin old Pompion was a saint,
When men fared hardly yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatch'd hutts without a cry of rent,
And the best sawce to every dish, content.

Benjamin Thompson.

"You never ate sweet punkin and milk? I declare to goodness, if that don't beat all! We think it's a pretty tasty dish in our family."

Mrs. Marsh pushed her steel-bowed spectacles to the customary resting place on the folds of soft snow-white hair topping her wrinkled forehead and gazed at me with pity in her gentian-blue eyes.

Yes, I was forced to admit it, I, a New Hampshire woman, born and bred, and had never tasted that delicacy dear to the palates of my ancestors. I thrust my hand deep down into the stone crock offered me by my hostess, and drew out another crinkly-edged, sugar-sprinkled, sour-cream cooky. As I ate that one and still another, I listened to her directions for preparing "sweet punkin and milk."

"You see, dearie, you must wait until the little sugar punkins are rich and ripe. Then you cut a small hole in the top of a punkin and remove the seeds, place it in a pan which has a little water in the bottom and pop it into the oven. I can't say just how long you bake it —just till it's tender. You'll have to try it. When the pulp's soft, drain off any water that's formed and sprinkle it with a little salt and sugar to taste. Fill the punkin half full of rich, sweet milk and dip out the punkin

pulp and the milk together by the spoonful. You try it, lovey."

Baked pumpkin and milk should, I decided, be immediately added to my list of recipes of foods of old New England. Indian meal pudding baked in a slow oven until rich and "wheyey," "apple pan-dowdy," topped with a crust made of Indian meal and baked in a huge ten-quart pan; hulled corn and milk, New England pumpkin pie, "hasty pudding," of which Joel Barlow humorously sang, and which is so delicious for Sunday night suppers on a cold night, parsnip stew, a dish fit for the proverbial king; codfish and cream (not codfish and milk, mind you, but codfish in its sauce of real Jersey cream); flapjacks and maple honey, beans, sweetened with maple sugar and baked as they are in no place else in the world except New England, real New England doughnuts, sour cream biscuit, "boiled dinner," "red flannel hash," greens cooked with pork, and the potatoes boiled right in with them—these were only a few of the old-time dishes which my neighbors and I used constantly in our own family cooking.

Familiar as I was with our old New Hampshire foods, I was surprised when Mrs. Marsh suggested this one. "I was wonderin', dearie," the old lady asked, "if you'd ever heard of boilin' an apple puddin' right in with your boiled dish?"

I gasped. "What! You don't really mean that!"

"I always do. My mother did and my grandmother did before her! You don't think much of it, do you?"

"Really—I—don't—know——"

"You try it next time you have a boiled dish. When you have your piece of corned beef or salt pork and your vegetables all nicely boilin' in the bettle, make your puddin'. Soak a cup and a half of dried apples

over night and cook in the same water 'til tender. Then add half a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of cinnamon and a tablespoonful of butter. You can make the crust anyway you like, but I sift one teaspoonful of cream-o'-tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda with two cups of pastry flour, and work into it two tablespoonfuls of butter. I mix it with milk until it is thick enough to roll out. Then I place the cooked apple in the center of the rolled out crust, fold it up, and put it in a clean, greased cloth. I tie the puddin' up and an hour before dinner-time, throw it in the kettle with the boiled dish. It'll steam fine! You try one some Thursday when you're havin' boiled dinner."

The Marsh homestead was a delight to me; it had the charm and the atmosphere characteristic of so many of the old New England farmhouses. In its day it was the best known estate of the river valley, and the farm acres were rich with corn, oats, and barley. Old Colonel Marsh had lived in almost feudal splendor—proud of his lands, and proud of the house which he had built before the Revolutionary War for his bride from Boston. Lofty rooms opened from either side of the panelled hall, and upstairs on the front was a long ball-room. But time had brought changes. The ball-room was made over into bedrooms, and the former kitchen was abandoned for a more modern and comfortable one on the south side of the house. The ancient kitchen was to me the most fascinating room in the house. Here was the blackened fireplace that formed the center of the home in years gone by; here was the huge brick oven where the baking was done for the large family and its retainers.

"Don't seem possible that women ever did their cookin' in a fireplace, does it?" Mrs. Marsh asked as we

stood looking into its huge interior. "I often wonder how they handled those heavy pots and kettles. How the poor things must have tugged to hang them on the iron crane! Some different from my nice range and the electric stove my Eulelah has in her apartment, isn't it?"

I thought of the women who had lifted those heavy cooking utensils, who had roasted their meats over a spit before the open fire and cooked their baked dishes in the brick oven. Yet those old-time New England women were splendid cooks and many were the toothsome viands that were concocted with the help of the cumbersome kitchen outfits.

Brick ovens were still in use when Mrs. Marsh was a small girl, she told me, and once, "just to show the folks what real old-time cookin' was like," she had cooked her Thanksgiving dinner in the old brick oven.

"You can't bake beans so well any other way," she said. "Fireless cookers can't compare with the old brick oven for bringin' out flavors. And apple pan-dowdies! I wish that you could have tasted those my mother made! We used to have servin's of them, topped with thick cream for breakfast!"

"Just how did you use the oven?" I asked.

"Folks had a regular bakin' day then. Mother filled the oven with hot coals, and after the sides were heated, she raked them out and put in her dowdies, and beans, or anything that she wanted to bake. She thought nothin' of makin' fifty or seventy-five apple and mince pies just before Thanksgivin'."

I knew of this old New England custom of pie-baking and could remember seeing rows and rows of flaky brown-tinted pies in my grandmother's "cold food-press."

"My grandmother used to make delicious pork apple pies," I ventured. "I often make them, too, and the men of the family think them a great delicacy. I bake them in deep custard pie-plates, for pork pies are thicker than mere apple pies. I roll the undercrusts thin, and fill with apples sweetened with maple and white sugar, half and half. Then for each pie, I add one-quarter of a cup of finely chopped salt pork, and one-quarter of a teaspoon of black pepper. I top the pies with rich crust and bake slowly until the apples are red and transparent."

"Speakin' of pies," Mrs. Marsh said, "did you know that real old-fashioned punkin pie was made without eggs? Of course the secret of makin' any kind of punkin pie is to simmer the punkin with a little water for hours until it is dark and dry. Mash the pulp and put through a sieve and if it is not dry enough then, cook some more. Would you like my rule for punkin pie? I mix a cup of punkin, one-half a cup of brown sugar, one-half a cup of molasses, one-half a teaspoon of cinnamon and the same of ginger, one egg—you see I use an egg nowadays—and one pint of milk. I scald this mixture and pour it into an unbaked pie-shell and bake 'til it is firm and rich and brown on top. Thanksgivin' wouldn't be Thanksgivin' without punkin pie, would it?"

I knew that pumpkins were a staple article of food in colonial days. I wonder if they were not what William Morrell had in mind in "A Recommendation of New England" when he said,

"A ground-nut there runs on a grassie threed,
Along the shallow earth as in a bed,
Yealow without, thin-flimd, sweete, lilly white,
Of strength to feede and cheare the appetite."

"Our turnips, parsnips, and carrots are here both bigger and sweeter than is ordinarily to be found in England," quoth Frances Higginson. "Here also are store of pumpions, cowcumbers, and other things of that nature which I know not."

Squashes, which John Josslyn called squonter-squoshes, had a number of names. William Wood said, "In summer, when their (Indian) corn is spent, isquoterquashes is their best bread, a fruit much like a pumpkin."

Sarah Kemble Knight, in her diary kept on a trip from Boston to New York in 1704, tells of a strange bread. "—but the pumpkin and Indian mixed bread had such an aspect, and the bare-legged punch so awkward, or rather awful a sound, that we left both—"

It was Mrs. Marsh who told me how to make bean porridge. I had often eaten it at my grandmother's, but I had not really known how to make it until my hostess gave me the rule she had modernized. "My mother always kept bean porridge out in her food-press through the winter," she said. "I can see now just how it looked! Beats all how we remember things from childhood. Mother used to make the porridge up and let it freeze, and then she'd 'hack' off a piece when she wanted to use it. I don't know how people would have lived up here if it hadn't been for bean porridge. My grandmother said that when grandfather had to go to Portsmouth on business in the winter, he'd always carry a frozen cake of porridge with him. When he was hungry, he'd get off his horse, build a fire and thaw a piece of it for his lunch.

"Folks used to make it by boilin' beans in corned beef liquor, but this is the way I do it. The day before I'm going to make bean porridge, I boil about two pounds

of shin-bone in a couple of quarts of water. The next mornin', I take out the bones and most of the fat. I forgot to tell you I put a cup of dried beans to soak over night too. I add the beans, a quart of hulled corn, and salt to taste to the stock and boil them all together for at least four hours. Then I add one-half a cup of Indian meal moistened in cold water and cook for half an hour longer. Folks seemed to use corn meal in most every thing in pioneer days," she added.

I agreed with her and told of reading in a book of Mrs. Earle's concerning the importance of meal and samp in the diet of the colonists. The word "samp" set Mrs. Marsh to recalling stories that she had heard.

MORTAR AND PESTLE FOR SAMP
The Essex Institute

"My great-grandfather was a Scotch Irishman and was one of the early settlers of Londonderry in this state," she told me. "Grandmother used to entertain us children with stories he told her. I recall she said that she could remember sittin' on her little stool at meal time and eating her samp and barley broth from a bowl held in her lap. Her mother used to make bannock, too, by turning boilin' water over Indian meal, addin' a little salt, spreadin' it on a clean board, and bakin' it before the open fire."

"And my grandfather told me," I said, not to be outdone, "that he could remember his father, who was one of the early settlers of Gilmanton, making a mortar for pounding the corn, out of the trunk of an oak tree."

"How people had to work in those days!" Mrs.

Marsh answered. "Would you like to shoulder a bag of corn and tramp off miles to mill, and come home to find three of your neighbors waitin' to borrow most of it, as I heard of one man doin'?"

I decided that this might be a little unfair, and then I asked her if she had ever heard of the great famine which had swept over New Hampshire? I had read of it in an early history. Men had tramped through the forest for miles, or paddled up the Connecticut River in dugouts to barter their treasures, including cherished silver shoe-buckles, with the farmers on the Oxbow, who had succeeded in raising some crops.

"Those were hard days, dearie," Mrs. Marsh shook her head. "But almost always there was plenty of game.

EEL SPEARS
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

Daniel Webster's father, Judge Ebenezer Webster, once had eight barrels of moose meat in his cellar at one time. The brooks and rivers were full of fish. Grandmother used to say her father and uncles caught eels in the spring by the hundreds and her mother would salt them down in tubs. Speakin' of eels—you wait a minute—I've got a copy of some verses somewhere that were read at the centennial in Derryfield in 1851."

She trotted off to return in a few minutes with a

yellowed bit of paper. Then putting on her spectacles she read the spidery writing to me.

"I'm goin' to omit some of it," she said, "and just read you about the eels. Um-um-here it is. Now listen and see if it isn't funny.

"'From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the 'Derryfield beef!'
Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield,
It was often said that their only care
And their only wish and their only prayer,
For the present world and the world to come,
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum!'"

I laughed heartily as Mrs. Marsh completed the ditty. Then I took out my notebook and pencil.

"Oh, Mrs. Marsh, before I forget it, you must tell me just how you make that delicious hard gingerbread of yours."

"My Muster Day Gingerbread you mean? I call it that just because such a thing as a New Hampshire Muster without its gingerbread was never known. We boys and girls used to save and save our pennies for months ahead to buy it. We looked forward to those hard black slabs of gingerbread with as much gusto as we did to seein' the militia and light infantry march on the parade grounds. Of course my recipe is not really like that, but it was my mother's and we always called it Muster Gingerbread."

She took my pencil and wrote out the recipe for me. Then she began to talk about 'Lection Day, that unique institution of old New England. The famous 'Lection Cake, Mrs. Marsh informed me was simply sweetened

yeast bread, filled with raisins, and topped with a coating of egg and molasses.

At the mid-day meal my hostess served me with delicious brook trout dipped in "Injun" meal and fried in tried-out pork fat.

"Yes, salt pork certainly does give a flavor to things," Mrs. Marsh beamed upon me as I complimented her upon the dish. "I always place slices over my roast chicken and baked fish. Then my folks are especially fond of sliced boiled or roasted beef warmed up in pork fat, and salt codfish cooked the same way."

"Yes, and dandelion greens boiled in pork, and peas and string beans can't be beaten!" I volunteered. "My cousin who visited me last summer was astonished when I served peas and potatoes boiled with salt pork as my main dish. But she thought that she had never tasted anything so good."

"It's queer how people in various parts of the country cook," my hostess said. "You don't realize it unless somebody who lives down south or out west or even in New York comes to visit you. Of course you and I are used to our ways of makin' things, but visitors think some of our customs quite unusual. Certain ways of cookin' become traditions with us. Why, I wouldn't any more think of not havin' custard pie with Saturday night baked beans and brown bread than nothin' at all!"

"Anyway," she added, "there's one thing to it, New England cookin' can't be beaten, whether it's field strawberry shortcake, or blue-berry biscuit, or rice with maple honey for dessert. You and I and most everybody we know are still cookin' in real old New Hampshire style, and I find that our own folks as well as the guests who come to see us like it mighty well."

Chapter XVI

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY STORE

THE TIN-PEDDLER'S CART

Come, Granny! Come, Nannie! Come, Lucy! Come, Will!
The tin-peddler's cart is climbing the hill!

Oh, where are my pennies? And where are the rags?
Stored in the corn-chamber, tied up in bags?
We'll scamper and bring them. Oh, Lucy, do hurry!
Nannie's changing her apron; she's quite in a flurry.
See, Will's tumbled down! We'll surely be late!
For the shining red cart pulls up at the gate!
I can hear the tins jingling. Shall you buy a new broom
And some carpet-warp, Granny, to thread the big loom?
A glass lamp? Some milk-pans? Nannie's thinking of lace.
I've saved my egg-money, may I buy a blue vase?

Come, Granny! Come, Nannie! Come, Lucy! Come, Will!
The tin-peddler's cart is climbing the hill!

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY STORE

Ac marchauns metten with hyme and made hym abyde
And shutten hym in here shoppes to shewen here ware.
Piers Ploughman.

THE loafers, seated on the long benches before a New Hampshire country store, stopped their whittling and desultory gossip and indolently sat up. Even the farmers' horses, nuzzling their soft noses in the three gnawed and weatherbeaten feeding troughs, raised their heads. An important event was about to happen, for the stagecoach which carried the mail and an occasional passenger to the mountain village was due on one of its triweekly trips. The rattle of the huge wagon and the clipclop of the horses' feet sounded down the narrow, dusty road.

With a flourish of whip and a steadying of reins that almost swung the leaders to their haunches, the driver brought the stage to a standstill. He flung off the leather bag, and the storekeeper, who combined the duties of postmaster with those of village trader, carried it inside the dimly lighted store. There was an excited buzz of expectancy as the few letters from the outside world were sorted. The storekeeper, however, was not allowed to read his two letters from Boston! He owed his community another duty. Since he was the only man in town who subscribed to a newspaper, he must first read to the assembled group the news of the war, for they were eagerly waiting to hear new facts about the conflict between the Union and the Confederate armies.

The storekeeper himself was a "man of parts." Shrewd at a bargain, keen-minded, just, kindly, he

was a leader in the vicinity. Among his neighbors he was known as a rich man. His house was the largest in the village and boasted steel engravings and horsehair furniture in the parlor. He had sent his children away to school. His wife's black Sunday silk was rich and heavy. He was a deacon in the church, a justice of the peace, first selectman, chairman of the school committee, and had represented his town at the general court.

In 1840 he had opened a small general store. Now, in the sixties, he had taken his young son into the business, and had moved to larger quarters, taking it for granted that he would pass his "trade" down to his son and his son's son. He never thought of this village, where his personality and individuality were so strongly felt, without his store.

Twice a year the storekeeper went to Boston "to stock up." He was thrifty and careful in buying: blue drilling for overalls, thirty pieces of calico, hoop skirts and bustles, cotton thread knotted in "hanks," red and white spotted bandanna handkerchiefs, cotton batting, "factory yarn," quaint buttons, pieces of glassware made by that "new company down on Cape Cod," a few webs of lawn, a piece or two of sprigged muslin, some webs of lace, needles, pins, an occasional piece of silk, hard candies for the children, as well as the groceries and hardware needed in the daily life of the village. Finally he added a few wall-papers. Patent medicines followed in the wake of the tansy, thoroughwort, pennyroyal, sage and wormwood which the village women had brewed for the family aches and pains. Some of his customers were getting "citified" and didn't have their footgear made at the cobbler's, so he added boots and shoes to his stock. Crockery dishes, tinware, brushes, brooms, nails, hoes, any article that would contribute to New England rural life—he had them all!

CANT STORE OF 18C IN JOHN WARD HOUSE (1684) REMOVED FROM 148 ST PETER STREET SALEM, MASS TO THE ESSEX INSTITUTE GROUNDS

The store had the mellow, human look of a place closely associated with a life current of the simple-hearted village people. Smoke from the "Franconia" iron stove in the center of the room and from numberless pipes blackened the ceilings. The floor was dark and rough from constant use. The store shelves, arranged from floor to ceiling, were packed with the mixture of groceries, patent medicines, tinware, crockery and dry goods. But in all this medley there was not one can of tinned vegetables or fruit. The storekeeper would never see one, nor could he picture the day when his grandson would fill tier after tier of his shelves with tins of bright-labeled vegetable products, cans of salmon and tuna-fish, and later the glasses of tongue, meats, chicken, marmalades and jams!

The storekeeper sold home-dried apples, home-cured hams, and salt pork from the fall "killings." Pickled tripe floated in kegs filled with brine. And codfish! An entire chapter might be written upon the codfish which varied the menus of the farmers of the period. Not codfish flakes, nor shredded codfish put up in sanitary packages! The codfish which the storekeeper ordered each month in five-hundred-pound boxes were whole fish, and were taken home and hung up on the cellar door where the housewife cut off strips for picked fish and cream.

Odds and ends and notions were piled helter-skelter under the counters. The storekeeper and his son ducked beneath them to bring out articles required by the farmers' wives. And always the mysterious recesses gave up hidden treasures not unlike the famous bag belonging to the resourceful mother in "The Swiss Family Robinson."

The odor of molasses, drizzling from a spigot in a hogshead into a tin measure, the scent of coffee, the salty tang of dried fish, the sourness of pickled brine, the strong smell of Medford rum, intermingled into a more or less desirable perfume characteristic of the country store. Rum? Certainly. It was one of the staples of trade and retailed at twenty-five cents a gallon!

Much of the trading was done by barter. Customers brought eggs, dried apples, salt pork, lard, and hand-knitted stockings to exchange for "store things." Rags, too, were exchanged. All New England stores of the period had bins in their attics to hold the bags and bales of colored and white rags destined for the paper mills. What treasure-troves these rag bins were to the storekeeper's little daughter and her friends, until an anxious mother, fearing the spread of the prevalent diphtheria and scarlet fever, forbade the children to make doll clothes from the gay pieces!

Here it was that the New England tin-peddler was of assistance to the storekeeper and more than offset any inconvenience that he might cause by selling his wares to the farm women. The storekeeper unloaded many of the rags upon him and took in payment shining tins from the bright cart.

The story of the tin-peddler is closely interwoven with the commercial life of old New England. The first Yankee peddlers, William and Edward Patterson, came from Ireland to Connecticut in 1740. These enterprising brothers made tinware and carried their products to their customers in saddlebags. Later, when turnpikes were built and when a regular profession was built up by the shrewd Connecticut Yankees, the tin-peddler graduated from horseback to a cart, which was designed to carry the most wares in the least space, and

was a maze of secret compartments, hooks and drawers. He was a boon to the isolated farm woman and to the storekeeper of remote country districts, and through him were distributed tinware, buttons, clocks, Sandwich glass hand-lamps and other sundries. His doom was sealed with the coming of the railroads, and only the swarthy pack-peddler of foreign birth was left to remind one in any way of the picturesque figure who once bartered and traded on New England hillsides.

Winter nights in the sixties found the country store full of men assembled to talk over the events of the town and to "thrash out the affairs of the nation." The store became a debating-hall, and as the loafers whittled and listened, the farmers and men of the village exchanged prices of stock and produce, discussed "the elder's" sermon and related school news gleaned from their children. They touched upon important details of sickness and stored up bits of gossip to carry home to their wives. National affairs interested them, and no Yankee farmer considered himself too ignorant to give his views on almost any subject. The customs at these unconventional lyceums became so widespread that they built up a characteristic institution of New England country life.

Just before town-meeting life at the store began to take on new interests. Usually the store closed at nine o'clock, but during this exciting period it was often known to stay open until ten. There were excited discussions of taxes, of future town officers. The store became an unofficial caucus where plans were laid and factions organized. Occasionally there were arguments and talks that led to bitter feeling, but after town-meeting things usually regained their normal level. These nights before town-meeting stood for something

vital in the history of New England, for individuality of personal expression and for promotion of community betterment.

The following years, after the storekeeper's son had inherited his business, found the village growing. Small lumber mills were bringing workers from outlying districts. Summer boarders were migrating in increasing numbers from the cities. The country store grew to meet the demands.

Then appeared two factors which have sounded the knell of the general store as it was known twenty-five years ago—the automobile and the mail-order house. There still remain stores, one is willing to admit, where everything is handled, from "knitting needles to plow points," but the crossroads store as it was is soon to be a thing of the past.

Chapter XVII

TALES OF TRAIL AND TURNPIKE

THE RAILWAY

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE—1850

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
  To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasur'd still in many a dream,
  They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
  The stream so cold and clear;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

The wayside inn, with homelike air,
  No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
  Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
  The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
  And eyes that own no tear,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
  The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherish'd nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
  Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

TALES OF TRAIL AND TURNPIKE

Old roads winding as old roads will,
Here to the ferry and there to a mill,
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves
Through green elm arhes and maple leaves.

Whittier.

The history of America is interwoven with the development of her highways. Indian trails guided the first scouts and explorers as they ventured forth into the wilderness surrounding their rude homes, but for more remote expeditions they made use of the pathways which nature had spread at their feet—the streams and rivers flowing from the mountains to the sea.

The first water conveyances were crude indeed—simply hollowed out trees which the venturesome pioneers paddled up the narrow, curving water-courses until they reached rich meadowlands where they might establish homes. Later, as small hamlets grew up along the rivers, produce and merchandize were carried, either in canoes or sailing-vessels, up such streams as the Connecticut. As early as 1785, there were men whose entire business was transporting passengers and merchandize on this river. At a much later date river-navigation by means of steamboats was tried out, but the venture was not a financial success.

"In 1830, a small steamboat called the John Leyard, was built and was taken through the locks by the falls on the river from Hartford to Wells River," a town history tells us. "Hiram Wells of the latter place, an experienced river-man, was the pilot. Its arrival at Wells River was announced by the firing of cannon, and a large crowd assembled to see the wonder. A poem

by some unforgotten writer commemorated the great occasion, the closing stanza of which is preserved:

'Tis gone, 'tis gone, the day is past,
And night's dark shade is o'er us cast;
And further, further, further still,
The steamboat's winding through the vale,
The cannon roar, o'er hill through dale,
Hail to the day when Captain Nutt
*Sailed up the fair Connecticut."**

In the south, rivers served as highways even longer than in the north. It was easy to glide from one plantation to another in boats manned by black slaves. As late as 1850, Sir Charles Lyell in "A Second Visit to the United States of North America" describes such a trip taken in Georgia.

"The next morning," he says, "while we were standing on the river's bank, we were joined by Mr. Hamilton Couper.—He came down the river to meet us in a long canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a single cypress, and rowed by six Negroes who were singing loudly, and keeping time to the stroke of their oars. —For many a mile we saw no habitations, and the solitude was profound; but our black oarsmen made the woods echo to their song."

The first roads through the forest were called "trodden paths" and over them early Colonial governors, clergymen, and laborers walked. The women, too, used them if they went from home. For instance, Elizabeth Pool went from Taunton, Massachusetts to Dorchester with a pioneering party. She drove her cattle through the wilderness, and the court sent Captain Standish and John Brown to lay out for her a grant of fifty acres.

* "History of Newbury, Vermont," p. 304.

Occasionally it was necessary for an early settler to set out through the unbroken forest with absolutely no path. At one time, Eleazer Rosebrook, the first permanent settler of Nash and Sawyer's Location in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, was compelled to go on foot to Haverhill, a distance of eighty miles through the tractless wilderness, with only the Connecticut River to guide him. His mission was to procure salt. He obtained one bushel, shouldered it, and trudged back over the same rude path to his home.

The old foot-trails of Massachusetts are associated with the early history of the state. The best known of all is the Bay Path, which was in existence in 1673. The old Plymouth Trail, connecting Plymouth and Boston, was the earliest. The Old Connecticut Path extended from Cambridge to Albany, New York, by way of Springfield, while the New Connecticut Path went to Albany by the way of Worcester. Other trails were the Province Path, the Nipmuck Trail, and the Kennebunk Path by the sea.

After horses were brought to the colonies, the foot-path developed into the bridle-path. There were no bridges, and the traveler arriving at a river bank must find a ford or swim his horse across. Both men and women were expert in the saddle, and long trips through the wilderness on horseback were the portion of those who ventured from home. Women, as well as men, became expert in the art of riding. An octogenarian once told Washington Irving of the horseback journeys of his mother.

"Young ladies from the country," he said, "used to come to the balls of Annapolis, riding with their hoops arranged fore and aft like lateen sails."

The Virginia planters were exceedingly fond of riding. Hugh Jones in telling of life in Virginia in 1722, says, "The saddle horses, though not very large, are hardy, strong and fleet, and will pace naturally and pleasantly at a prodigious pace. They are such lovers of riding that almost every ordinary person keeps a horse; and I have known some to spend the morning in ranging several miles in the woods to find and catch their horses only to ride two or three miles to church, to the court-house, or to a horse race, where they generally appoint to meet upon business, and are more certain of finding those that they want to speak or deal with, than at their home."

In fact, one of the favorite forms of amusements of the young people of this colony was hunting wild horses, which had been born in the woods of the uplands and were as shy as savage creatures.

The settlers living in the wilderness of the northern colonies were at the mercy of the Indians, and the people of Methuen and Andover, Massachusetts, maintained a band of trained snow-shoe men ready to march at an instant's notice against the savages when the bridle-paths were filled with snow. It was down one of these snowy cart-roads that the Indians dragged Colonel Bradstreet and his family and released them at the request of an Indian who had, as a boy, been sheltered by the colonel's mother.

For the first century or so after the settlement there were no inland roads for carriages, except where the bridle-paths had widened slightly to accommodate rude carts. The introduction of the first private traveling carriages necessitated better roads. In New Hampshire they were usually laid out four rods wide and skirted

the river banks. Many of the cross-country roads were first built for hauling masts and ship-timber.

A ONE-HORSE CHAISE
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

The old roads rambled lazily on, avoiding natural obstacles even though by so doing it added length to the journey. Many of the first roads were of the type known as "corduroy." Depressions and marshy places were filled with saplings and sometimes the entire length of the proposed road was made of logs. The improvement of roads in the interior of the country was slow and traveling was tedious and tiresome. At the time of the Revolutionary War it took travelers six days to go from Hanover, New Hampshire to Boston.

In 1832 when Fanny Kemble, the English actress, toured the cities of the United States, she found traveling a burden, and the roads in New Jersey beyond her worst expectations.

"Away galloped the four horses," she wrote in her

journal, "trotting with their front and galloping with their hind legs: and away went we after them; bumping, thumping, jumping, jolting, shaking, tossing, and tumbling over the wickedest road, I do think, the cruellest, hard-heartedest road that ever wheel rumbled upon. Through bog and marsh, and ruts wider and deeper than any Christian ruts I ever saw, with the roots of trees protruding across our path, their boughs every now and then giving us an affectionate scratch through the windows; and, more than once, a half-demolished stump lying in the middle of the road lifting us up and letting us down again, with awful variations of our poor coach body from its natural position. Bones of me! What a road!"

In making the trip below the Mason and Dixon Line in 1842, Charles Dickens found roads which were a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. This is his account of the journey, "The first half mile of the road is over bridges (this was near Potomac Creek) made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them, and *in* the river. The river has a clayey bottom and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly and can't be found for some time."

Postroads developed from the early cart-paths, and the mail was carried over them by riders. The first post-office was established in New Hampshire before 1695 and did business for the entire province. In 1791 a law was enacted which established four post routes. Two of them started from Portsmouth and two from Concord, and every three weeks a postrider carried mail from Portsmouth to Dartmouth College. The cost of sending letters was great—sixpence for forty miles; twenty cents for over three hundred miles; twenty-five

cents for over five hundred miles. The arrival of the postrider with his saddle-bags filled with news from the outside world was an event eagerly awaited by the inhabitants of the outlying districts.

Virginia boasts of the first American turnpike, but the most important turnpike was made by the government and was known as the National Road. The old Bay Path in Massachusetts developed into The King's Highway, or as it was called later by patriotic Americans, The Great Road. The new turnpike, built in 1808, between Boston and Worcester, proved a formidable rival to the old road. It was called The Worcester Pike. It was over the King's Highway that Israel Bissell carried the war-news to New York on the nineteenth of April in 1775. His horse dropped under him at Worcester, but he remounted and rode on to Brooklyn, Connecticut.

Since the turnpike is a thing of the past, it may be well briefly to describe just what was meant by the term. It was built by a company of men, by an act of incorporation. It used a given amount of capital, raised in equal shares.

A town history says, "The term *turnpike* signifies a pike or set of pikes, fixed to a bar or pole, that is made to swing on a pivot or pin, so as to obstruct the passage of carriages. A turnpike road is one with pikes or gates, erected for the purpose named. As the benefit to the builders of this class roads is derived from specified tolls to be paid by those who pass over the roads, the company is authorized to stop travellers and require payment." *

The Newburyport Turnpike was a once famous colonial road from Boston to the east. On it is one of the three New England bridge sites, aged two hundred

* "History of Salisbury, New Hampshire," p. 300.

and fifty years, "built by Richard Thorley at his own cost, he hath liberty to take 2d, for every horse, cow and ox."

Bridge making naturally followed road building. The first bridges were crude affairs, and ferries were in constant use for crossing rivers. The "Mistick" bridge in Medford was the first toll bridge in New Hampshire. The last one across the Connecticut River has recently been discarded. One of the old toll-bridges on a highway from New York to Massachusetts still bears the ancient sign:

Rates of Toll

For a score of cattel, and in the same proportion for a greater number, 9 cents.
For every stage-coach or stage-wagon, 8 cents.
For a horse and rider, led or driven, 2 cents.
For a coach or chariot, 10 cents.

The rates of toll permitted by the terms of a charter of a toll-bridge built in Salisbury, New Hampshire were

For a person on foot . . . . . *1 cent*
For a horse and rider . . . . . *3 cents*
For a horse and chaise or other carriage drawn by one horse, *10 cents*
For a sleigh and one horse . . . . . *4 cents*
For a sleigh drawn by more than one horse . . . . . *6 cents*
Sheep or swine . . . . . *½ cent*

The Piscataqua Bridge on the first turnpike in New Hampshire was one of the wonders of New England. The cost was $65,947.34, and a half century later it was sold for $2000. There were eighteen toll-bridges in New Hampshire in 1819. The free bridges built by towns were covered to protect them from storms. They

are fast disappearing and are now found only in remote sections of New England.

Caravans of teams traversed the turnpikes of a century ago. In "Lizbeth Wilson" Mrs. Blair describes the commercial activities of the period. "Teams were made up of oxen alone, horses by themselves, or of oxen hitched to cart and sled tongues, horses leading.

"Those going 'down below' dragged pine masts to the coast, hemlock to tan-vats, and the 'truck and dicker' from country stores to exchange for merchandize. Traveling buyers, who went from farm to farm, picked up produce, flaxseed, small peltry, the overplus of looms, home-made hose, called 'feeting,' and whatever was buyable, and carted it 'down below.'

"Every few miles that serious drama of the road was brightened by merry andrews on red carts, the wags of musterfields many times multiplied. They halted, jesting and gossipy at hill farmhouses, exchanging blue calico, beads, combs, and what not for rags, eggs, or odd yards of linen, and wore the jester's cap and bells down the turnpike to market.

"Returning teams brought sugar, lamps, oil, dyestuff, school-books, tobacco, snuff. Everything, from crewels to powder-horns and ploughshares, was hauled over the drifts in winter, through dust in summer, along these rugged lines of commerce. Teamsters were resolute and trusty men. Lawyers journeying from one county-seat to another, people paying visits, those going down to factories or returning from them made a large part of travelers by stage, chaise, or on horseback."

This was the drama of the road! Along swept the rumbling stage-coaches, bearing their passengers to the business centers. The stage drivers were men of parts, shrewd observers of human nature, and fearless and

expert in handling the lines. The blacksmith and the wheelwright were no less important, for without their aid traveling was impossible.

TIN-PEDDLER'S CART OF CHARLES S. PICKERING, GEORGETOWN, MASS.
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

The romance of trail and turnpike days ended with the development of the steam railway. The rumbling coach ceased its rattling over pebbly roads, and the old-time tavern with its roaring open fires and its genial host became one of the memories of homespun days.

Chapter XVIII
PRESERVING ANTIQUITIES

A RECOMMENDATION OF NEW-ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM MORRELL

RESIDENT IN PLYMOUTH 1623-24

Feare not poore muse, 'cause first to sing her fame,
That's yet scarce known, unless by map or name;
A grand-childe to earth's paradize is borne,
Well lim'd, well nerv'd, faire, rich, sweete, yet forlorne
Thou blest director, so direct my verse,
That it may winne her people, friends, commerce:
Whilst her sweet ayre, rich soile, blest seas, my penne
Shall blaze and tell the natures of her men.'

O happie planter, if you knew the height
Of planter's honours where ther's such delight:
There nature's bounties, though not planted are,
Great store and sorts of berries great and faire;
The filberd, cherry, and the fruitful vine,
Which cheares the heart and makes it more divine.

The fowles that in those bays and harbours feede,
Though in their seasons they doe else-where breede,
Are swans and gessem, herne, pheasants, duck and crane,
Culvers and divers all along the maine:
The turtle, eagle, partridge, and the quaile,
Knot, plover, pigeons, which doe never faile,
Till sommer's heate commands them to retire,
And winter's cold begets their old desire.
With these sweete dainties man is sweetly fed,
With these rich feathers ladies plume their head;
Here's flesh and feathers both for use and ease
To feede, adorne, and rest thee, if thou please.

The costly codd doth march with his rich traine:
With which the sea-man fraughts his merry ship:
With which the merchant doth much riches get:
With which plantations richly may subsist,
And pay their merchants debt and interest.
Thus ayre and earth, both land and sea yeelds store
Of nature's dainties both to rich and poore;
To whom if heavens a holy vice-roy give,
The state and people may most richly live:
And there erect a pyramy of estate,
Which onely sinne and heaven can ruinate.
Let deepe discretion this great work attend,
What's well begun for th' most part well doth end.

PRESERVING ANTIQUITIES

Stern land! we love thy woods and rocks,
Thy rushing streams, thy winter glooms,
And Memory, like a pilgrim gray,
Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs:

George Denison Prentice.

"And you call these antiques!"

She raised her lorgnette to cold gray eyes and glanced about at the collection of pewter porringers, teapots, plates, quaint tin lanterns, Sandwich glass lamps, banjo clocks, pictures of early New England sailing-vessels, brass candle-sticks, samplers, Currier and Ives prints, the stenciled Hitchcock chairs, the fan-back Windsors, the prized butterfly table, the chest-on-chest—all the other objects, rich with the romance of the days when America was young.

"My dear woman," the high-pitched voice continued, "if you could see the things in the European museums, you would not call these old!"

The brown eyes of "The Little Lady of the Antiques" flashed. Then they softened as she gazed about at her loved possessions so charmingly arranged in the low-ceilinged rooms of the weather-beaten house where she sold American antiques.

"I said nothing," she afterwards told me. "What was the use? She wouldn't have understood, you know. I suppose as the world counts things, my pieces of furniture and pewter and glass aren't truly old. But, oh, they mean so much to people like you and me who are interested in the old homes of New England, in the old-time domestic arts and handicrafts, and in the man-

ners and customs of the generations who lived before us!"

This same spirit, voiced by the "antique lady" was responsible for the founding, in 1919, of *The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.* Its folder says, "It was organized for the purpose of preserving these memorials of our ancestors and saving for future generations as many as possible of the rapidly disappearing architectural monuments of New England."

For so short a period of time, the Society has carried out a remarkable program. Aside from aiding in the preservation of at least thirty buildings, it has acquired the claims to eight quaint old houses. They are the "Scotch Boardman House, built in Saugus, Massachusetts in 1651, to shelter Scotch prisoners taken at the Battle of Dunbar and brought to Massachusetts to work in the Lynn Iron works; the Cooper-Austin, built in Cambridge in 1657; the Abraham Browne, Jr. House, built before 1670 in Newbury, Massachusetts; the Eleazer Arnold House built in Lincoln, Rhode Island, in about 1687; the Harrison Gray Otis House built in Boston, in 1795; the Laws House built in Sharon, New Hampshire, about the year 1800, and the Samuel Fowler House built in Danversport, Massachusetts, in 1809.

"The society has also acquired the reversion to the very interesting Conant house at Townsend Harbor, Massachusetts," (I am again quoting from the folder) "dating from about 1720. It also owns the Quincy Memorial in Litchfield, Connecticut, a modern house with endowment funds of the society and its investments of real estate have now reached a total of $201,-589.30."

Besides this, the society owns an exhibit of household furnishings of all kinds, the clothing, and the tools of all trades used in the past by the people of New England. This exhibit occupies seven rooms of the Harrison Gray Otis House, used as the headquarters of the society. In the library is preserved a collection of photographs and engraved views of New England Buildings and antiquities numbering about 46,000 examples.

All lovers of early New England antiquities are familiar with the work and aims of The Essex Institute of Salem, Massachusetts. Perhaps the history of its founding is not so well known. In an address given before the American Association of Museums in October 1926, the curator and secretary Mr. Henry Wyckoff Belknap said, "It dates back to 1821, when thirteen men met in order to found the Essex Historical Society. Two months later the beginning of the Museum collection was made by the accession of the sixteenth century oak chair said to have been brought from England about 1634 by the Dennis Family and which may still be seen in the museum. A month later it was decided to have the talented artist, Frothingham, paint a portrait of the venerable President, Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke, which is one of the most noteworthy in our gallery."

In 1848 the Historical Society and the Essex County Natural History Society were merged and The Essex Institute was incorporated.

A quotation from the folder of The Institute so well presents its aims that I offer it instead of my own description. "It has for its object the promotion of history, science and art in Essex County, Massachusetts, and is supported by an annual assessment upon its members and by the income from its fund. Its museum con-

tains one of the largest collections of antiquarian and historical objects illustrating the life of the English settler to be found in the United States, including three type rooms—a New England kitchen of 1750, a bedroom and parlor of 1800—and large collection of cos-

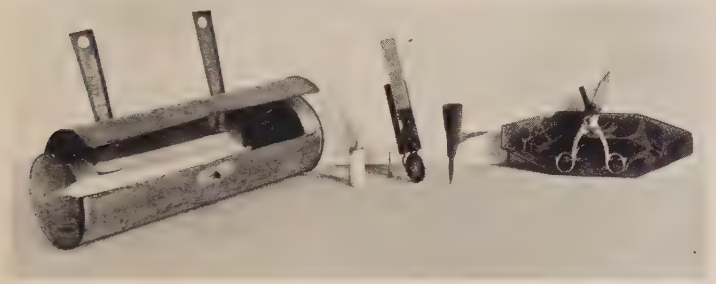
GIRL IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY COSTUME AT WELL
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

tumes, old furniture, china, glass, war relics, tools, medals, and coins, etc. On exhibition in the picture gallery are over one hundred paintings, many of them of considerable age and interest, including a fine collection of portraits of prominent persons by Stuart, Copley, Blackburn, Smibert, Trumbull, Greenwood, Frothing-

ham, Vinton, Osgood and others, with engravings and art objects."

An apothecary's shop of 1825, a Salem cent shop of 1840, a shoemaker's shop of about 1830, and an old-fashioned flower garden containing flowers and herbs grown in Salem before the year 1700 are located in or near the Annex of the building.

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities and The Essex Institute are not the only organized efforts to preserve authentic records of the lives of our forefathers. There are the large city



CANDLE-BOX, TINDER-BOX, CANDLESTICK, AND SNUFFER-TRAY
By Courtesy of the Essex Institute

museums and the museums of the small towns and cities of which the one at Beverley, Massachusetts, is an interesting example. The historical societies of the various New England States are doing excellent work in preserving the traditions of the past.

But I must not forget to call attention to the work of the women of a little New England village whose fame is almost international. To quote Amy V. Richards, "In Deerfield, in Massachusetts, you will see the old arts preserved and carefully fostered, the most beautiful memorial that this generation offers our foremothers."

It was Emerson who said, "Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm." Possibly the formation of the Society of Deerfield Industries can not be called a "great and commanding movement," but certainly this organization, started in a New England village, rich with historic memories, is one of the great factors in the revival of American hand industries. As one newspaper writer aptly said, "It was a part of these rich memories that the industries of the colonial days were preserved to this community which is almost as famous now for the beautiful craftswork of the inhabitants as it is for the deeds of their ancestors."

When a private individual becomes interested in the days which form the background of our own lives, and begins to use his time and money to collect and preserve the traditions of the past, the effort may result in something vital. A man who has done this is Mr. Henry Ford. His collection of old-time relics is known all over America and has become a monument to our ancestors. I do not need to tell you of Mr. Ford's purchase of the Wayside Inn in Sudbury Town—

> "With weather-stains upon the wall,
> And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
> And creaking and uneven floors,
> And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

American journalism did that and heralded the fact that "this old-fashioned quaint abode" was to be preserved and cared for as became a place with a romantic past.

Another who must be mentioned as helping to preserve our New England memorials is Mr. Wallace

Nutting. We are especially grateful to him for his work in restoring old houses as well as for his exquisite photographs and authentic books.

There is one New England collector and antiquarian who has fostered this spirit of preserving the antiquities of New England in its best and truest sense. May I tell you something of the life and the work of Miss Evanore Olds Beebe, as her friend Mrs. Edith Miniter told it to me?

Her ancestors lived for a couple of centuries in Massachusetts, settling early in Ludlow, a Connecticut Valley town. In 1842, her father was seized with that pioneering spirit which opened up the middle west, and, with his wife and several small children, including a babe in arms, he journeyed to Wisconsin by the Erie Canal and covered wagon. When Evanore, his youngest child was born, the log cabin had been abandoned for a comfortable frame house in the coming city of Fond du Lac. Here the future antiquarian began her life-work of collecting by saving every bit of pretty china or glass to be found in the home.

In 1879 she returned to the East, and went to live in the house in Wilbraham, Massachusetts which she still occupies. In this way, you see, the family circle was completed, as Wilbraham is the next town to Ludlow. The house is called Maplehurst, since huge maple trees march up and down the road as far as the eye can see. The only alteration in the hundred-year-old mansion is the removal of the partitions, making a few large rooms of many small ones, in order that Miss Beebe's collection may show to the best advantage.

It is interesting to learn how she started it. A gift of pink Staffordshire from her uncle was the pivot, and the work of completing the set occupied many happy

hours. Her "dishes" now cover walls in rows! She began saving bottles when they were the despised of amateurs, and her method of hanging them in windows, known for years as "Beebe style" is now generally adopted.

The collecting of glass came along with china, and her glass-closet, made from the former entrance to the wine cellar of the house, contains over a thousand small pieces.

And the best part of the collection is the fact that Miss Beebe lives with it! At Maplehurst you sit on a three-legged stool, or a Hitchcock or Windsor chair, eat from a tip-table, stir your tea with a rat-tail spoon, and sleep on feathers in a corded bed!

Cats, numbering from seven to fourteen, wander at will over sideboards loaded with Sandwich glass, and at least two dogs sleep in Boston rockers or on settee cradles!

The house has many visitors, as you may well guess, and they come all the way from the Pacific coast to Maine. Since nothing is ever sold at Maplehurst, it has been possible for Miss Beebe to specialize on articles of all occurrences of importance in her locality. People are willing to give or sell her valuable objects because they know their heirlooms will be cherished by one who loves them. She has never spared time nor effort in the work of preserving matters of local history. An instance of this are her investigations in regard to the Ludlow Glass Factory of which I have told you.

Miss Beebe is a fascinating conversationalist, and is constantly being consulted for the truth in regard to local historical occurrences. The town histories of Wilbraham and Ludlow owe more to her than to anyone else. And, best of all, she loves to tell the stories—

quaint, tragic, or comic—of her platters and tea caddies, pine desks and bird's-eye maple tables, the Bennington cow, the hound pitcher, and the unique cup-plate upon which a lover presents his lady-love with a pig!

Every paper on old-time lore written by a conscientious club woman assists in preserving the traditions of New England or of any part of the country about which she chooses to tell.

I have spoken before of the many authentic books which serve as monuments of the past, but once again I urge you to read those treating of subjects in which you are especially interested. Nor must you forget the accounts written by the men and women whose grandfathers and fathers told them of the past, and who have, themselves, lived in its shadow, for they will bring forth the spirit and the true atmosphere of old New England days.

So in parting, may I leave with you a thought which has come down to us from the Pilgrims and which should, I believe, be preserved always among the antiquities of New England. The almanac did not then exist, but on the wall of many a house hung

THE TWELVE GOOD RULES

Profane no Divine ordinance.
Touch no state matters.
Urge no healths.
Pick no quarrels.
Encourage no vice.
Repeat no grievances.
Reveal no secrets.
Maintain no ill opinions.
Make no comparisons.
Keep no bad company.
Make no long meals.
Lay no wagers.

BOOKS ON EARLY AMERICANA

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Addresses on the Occasion of the Opening of the American Wing, (The Metropolitan Museum of Art)
American Colonial History in Terms of Contemporary Pictures, Randolph G. Adams
Antiques ..... Sarah Lockwood
(The) American Whaleman ..... E. P. Hohman
(The) American Renaissance ..... Dillaway and Whiton
Beauties in Home Furnishings ..... Walter Rendell Story
Book on Antiqueing ..... Kenneth L. Roberts
Candle Days ..... Marion Nicholl Rawson
(The) Charm of the Antique ..... Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton
Child Life in Colonial Days ..... Alice Morse Earle
Colonial Days and Dames ..... Anne Hollingsworth Wharton
(The) Clipper Ship ..... Hawthorne Daniel
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Collecting Antiques ..... William G. Menzies
Collector's Luck ..... Alice Van Leer Carrick
Collector's Luck in England ..... Alice Van Leer Carrick
Collector's Luck in France ..... Alice Van Leer Carrick
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The Collecting of Antiques ..... Esther Singleton
Customs and Fashions in Old New England ..... Alice Morse Earle
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Early American Craftsmen ..... Walter A. Dyer
Figures of the Past ..... Josiah Quincy
Forgotten Ladies ..... Richardson Wright
(The) Geography of American Antiques ..... Lurella Van Arsdale Guild
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Hawkers and Walkers in Early America ..... Richardson Wright
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John Adams—Statesman and Friend ..... Correspondence 1784-1822
(The) Lure of Amateur Collecting ..... George Blake Dexter
(The) Lure of the Antique ..... Walter A. Dyer
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New England Boyhood ..... Edward Everett Hale
New England Girlhood ..... Lucy Larcom
New Light on the Pilgrims' Story ..... Thomas W. Masson
Old Boston Days and Ways ..... Mary Caroline Crawford
(The) Old Farmer and His Almanack ..... George Lyman Kittredge
Old Post Bags ..... Alvin F. Harlow
Old Paths and Legends of New England ..... Katharine M. Abbott
Old Roads Out of Philadelphia ..... John T. Faris

Old Trails and Roads in Penn's Land.....John T. Faris
(The) Pioneer Mothers of America.....H. C. and M. W. Green
(The) Pleasures of Collecting.....Gardiner Teall
(The) Practical Book of American Antiques..Eberlein and McClure
(The) Practical Book of American Arts and Crafts,
Eberlein and McClure
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Romantic Days and Ways.....Mary Caroline Crawford
Ships and Ways of Other Days.....E. Keble Chatterton
Social Life in Old New England.....Mary Caroline Crawford
(The) Story of Virginia's First Century....Mary Newton Stannard
(The) Story of New Amsterdam.....William G. Shepherd
Samuel Sewell's Diary, Edited by Mark Van Doren
Stage Coach and Tavern Days.....Alice Morse Earle
Quest of the Quaint.....Virginia Robie
Whalers and Whaling.....E. Keble Chatterton

ARCHITECTURE AND HOUSES

(The) Architecture of Colonial America.....H. D. Eberlein
Adventures in Home Making.....Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton
(The) Colonial House.....J. E. Chandler
Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings.....Mary H. Northend
Colonial Interiors.....Leigh French, Jr.
Domestic Architecture of the Early American Republic,
Howard Major, A. I. A.
Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and the Early,
Republic.....Fiske Kimball
Early American Homes With Histories.....Elise Lathrop
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English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans....Anne H. Wharton
Manor Houses and Historic Homes of Long Island and Staten
Island.....Harold Donaldson Eberlein
(The) Manors and Historic Homes of the Hudson Valley,
H. D. Eberlein
(The) Next-To-Nothing House.....Alice Van Leer Carrick
Old Churches and Meeting Houses In and Around Philadelphia,
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(The) Old Mission Churches and the Historic Houses of California,
Rexford Newcomb
Old New England Churches.....Dolores Bacon
Old New England Houses.....Albert G. Robinson
(The) Quest of the Colonial.....Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

FURNITURE

Antique Furniture.....F. W. Burgess
American Furniture and Decoration: Colonial and Federal,
Edward Stratton Holloway

Colonial Furniture in America.....Luke Vincent Lockwood
Colonial Furniture in New England.....Irving Whitall Lyon
English Furniture and Decoration (1680-1800).....G. M. Elmwood
Furniture of the Pilgrim Century.....Wallace Nutting
Furniture Masterpieces of Duncan Phyfe.....Charles O. Cornelius
Furniture of Our Forefathers.....Esther Singleton
Furniture of the Olden Times.....Frances Clary Moore
(The) Furniture Treasury.....Wallace Nutting
Genuine Antique Furniture.....Arthur De Bles
(The) Old Furniture Book.....N. Hudson Moore
(The) Rocking Chair, An American Institution,
W. A. Dyer and Esther S. Fraser
Period Furniture Handbook.....Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould
(The) Practical Book of Learning Decoration and Furniture,
Edward Stratton Holloway
(The) Practical Book of Period Furniture....Eberlein and McClure
(The) Walnut Collector.....MacIver Percival

PORCELAIN AND POTTERY

Chats on Wedgwood Ware.....Harry Barnard
(The) Cheyne Book of Chelsea China and Pottery,
edited by Reginald Blunt
Collecting Old Lustre Ware.....J. H. Yoxall
China Collecting in America.....Alice Morse Earle
Chelsea Porcelain,
William King of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London
(The) Earle Collection of Early Staffordshire Pottery,
Major Cyril Earle
English Pottery.....Bernard Rackham and Herbert Read
(The) Old China Book.....N. Hudson Moore
Old Dutch Pottery and Tiles.....Elizabeth Neurdenburg
Old Spode.....T. G. Cannon
Potters and Pottery of Bennington.....John Spargo
(The) Practical Book of Chinaware....Harold Donaldson Eberlein
Worcester Porcelain.....Robert Lockhart Hobson

GLASS

American Glassware, Old and New.....Edwin A. Barber
American Bottles, Old and New.....William S. Walbridge
Collecting Old Glass—English and Irish.....J. H. Yoxall
(The) Glass Collector.....MacIver Percival
Early American Bottles and Flasks.....Stephen Van Rensselaer
Early American Glass.....Rhea M. Knittle
European Glass.....Wilfred Buckley
(A) History of Old English Glass.....Francis Buckley
Irish Glass.....M. S. Dudley Westropp
Old Glass, European and American.....N. Hudson Moore
Sandwich Glass and Glass-Makers.....Frederick T. Irwin

Sandwich Glass.....Lenore Wheeler Williams
Stiegal Glass.....Frederick William Hunter

PEWTER

American Pewter.....J. B. Kerfoot
(The) 'New' Pewter Marks and Old Pewter Ware..C. A. Markham
Old Pewter, Brass, Copper and Sheffield.....N. Hudson Moore
Pewter and the Amateur Collector.....Edward J. Gale
Pewter Plate.....H. J. L. J. Masse
Scottish Pewter Ware and Pewterers.....L. Ingleby Wood

SILVER

American Silver.....R. T. Haines Halsey
American Silver of the XVII and XVIII Centuries.....C. L. Avery
Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers.....F. H. Bigelow
Old English Silver.....W. W. Watts
Old Silver of Europe and America.....E. Alfred Jones
Old Silver and Sheffield Plate.....F. W. Burgess

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Iron and Brass Implements of the English and American Home,
J. Seymour Lindsey
Chats on Old Copper and Brass.....F. W. Burgess

CLOCKS

(The) Old Clock Book.....N. Hudson Moore
(The) Clock Book.....Wallace Nutting

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Colonial Lighting.....Arthur H. Hayward
Period Lighting Fixtures.....Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould

WALLS AND HANGINGS

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Historic Wall-Papers.....Nancy McClelland
(The) Practical Book of Decorative Wall-Treatments,
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PICTURES

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Shades of Our Ancestors.....Alice Van Leer Carrick

DOLLS

Dolls.....Esther Singleton

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Art in Needlework.....Day, Buckle and Hogarth
(The) Book of Handwoven Coverlets.....Eliza Calvert Hall
(The) Book of Weaving.....Anna Nott Shook
Collecting Hooked Rugs.....Elizabeth Waugh and Edith Foley
(The) Development of Embroidery in America.....Candace Wheeler
Handmade Rugs.....Ella Shannon Bowles
Homecraft Rugs.....Lydia LeBaron Walker
(A) History of Tapestry from the Earliest Times until the Present Day.....W. G. Thompson
(A) Lace Guide for Makers and Collectors.....Gertrude Whiting
(The) Old Lace Book.....N. Hudson Moore
(The) Lace and Embroidery Collector.....Mrs. R. E. Head
(The) Practical Book of Tapestries.....George Leland Hunter
Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them, Ruth E. Finley
Quilts—Their History and How To Make Them...Marie D. Webster
(The) Shuttle-Craft Book of American Hand Weaving, Mary Meigs Atwater

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(A) Century of Fashion.....Jean Philippe Worth
Historic Dress in America (1800-1870).....Elizabeth McClelland
(The) Quaker, A Study in Costume.....Mrs. Frances Gummere
Two Centuries of Costume in America.....Alice Morse Earle

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